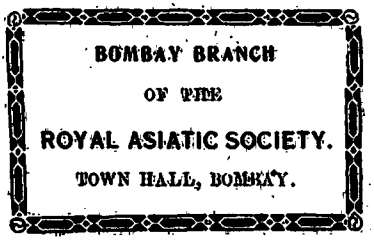
00141929



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 27 February, 2016

A MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES MORDAUNT

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

AND

MONMOUTH:

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

14029

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HOCHELAGA," AND "THE CONQUEST OF CANADA."

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man,
How passing wonder He who made him such!"

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1853.

Pet/Mem
141929

INTRODUCTION.

THE materials for the following work have been collected from a great number and variety of books. It has been judged better to avoid interminable references to the authorities from which each item of information has been obtained; but the writer can conscientiously state, that no circumstance, however minute, is mentioned without, what he conceives to be, sufficient authentication.

Among Lord Peterborough's cotemporaries, there is hardly a writer of any note who does not make mention of him, and hardly a correspondence in which he

does not figure. His name recurs frequently in all Parliamentary and other annals of the time, and many of his manuscript letters are still extant, — a highly interesting series of which, addressed to General Stanhope, are here, by Lord Mahon's kind permission, largely used. A considerable number of his official letters, also, many of them highly characteristic, are to be found in the British Museum.

The writer of these pages was led to search for more ample information on this subject, and finally to embody it in a memoir, by meeting accidentally with a small and rare volume, called "The Triumphs of Her Majesty's Arms, both by Sea and Land, under the conduct of his Excellency Charles, Earl of Peterburgh and Monmouth," published 1707. This cotemporary narrative confirms, in almost

all particulars, those of Dr. Friend and Captain Carleton, and in many respects is more minute, and even more interesting, than either of them.

Some brief but able biographical sketches of Lord Peterborough already exist; they, however, treat almost exclusively of his military career, while the strange events of his political and private life are hardly touched upon.

The curious old book above mentioned was an inducement to the writer of this memoir to seek for more ample information on the subject, from the interest which it excited in his mind. Should he be fortunate enough to communicate a portion of that interest to those whose eyes may meet these pages, his labour will not have been in vain.

LIFE

OF

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

CHAPTER I.

No writer of fiction would venture to create a character so strange and contradictory as that of Charles, Earl of Peterborough. His extraordinary achievements outvie the inventions of romance, and his follies may almost claim the immunities of insanity. Few men have ever been so strangely gifted, and, at the same time, so strangely deficient. While his splendid capacity and matchless energy were constantly exhibited, they were rarely rendered useful to his country, and never to himself. Amidst the general corruption of the powerful he was irreproachably disinterested, and

eminent in public virtue, yet in religion he was an unbeliever, and in morals a libertine.

His resolves were sudden and vehement, but he was patient and pertinacious in their execution. He was at once laborious as a scholar and brilliant as a wit. Now he distinguished himself as a sailor, again he astonished Europe as a soldier. One day he risked life and land in a conspiracy, the next found him busied in the sober labours of finance. His name constantly recurs in the political and social records of his time. His bold eloquence in the House of Lords, at a period when few ventured to speak boldly, would alone have given him a place in history. His familiar letters appear to no disadvantage beside those of the ablest and most practised among contemporary writers. He enjoyed the pleasures, both of rural life, and of literary ease, with keen appreciation, while at other times he exulted in the almost desperate chances of war, and gloried in the difficulties which intensified the excitement of action.

Even in his maturer years, when affairs of the greatest importance were on his mind, he would

at times give the rein to all the giddy vanities for which youth can be the only palliation; and yet when his hour of leisure was over, none could more gravely and assiduously devote himself to his duty. His intellect, courage, and generosity were acknowledged even by enemies, and they were ever numerous, but these high qualities were counterbalanced by an exacting and insatiable vanity, and by an uncontrollable temper. With him love of excitement was a passion, and its gratification a necessity. When not engaged in more honourable or adequate employment, he was perpetually mixed up in conspiracy and intrigue. His conduct could neither be foreseen nor trusted. He was as dangerous to his friends as to his foes. The general tendencies of his mind were undoubtedly advanced, even republican; but in politics, as in religion, he acknowledged no fixed principle or conviction.

Peterborough was small and singularly spare in person, but he was endowed with great activity and capability of endurance. Unusual, indeed, must have been the powers of the slender frame

that fulfilled the behests of such an indomitable spirit. Neither hardship nor fatigue told upon him; in war he was ever unwearied, wakeful, and vigilant, and in peace the frequency and rapidity of his journeys were the subject of many a remark. His features were prepossessing, his nose somewhat prominent, and his eye lively and penetrating. As he advanced in life, his face became long and meagre, and his expression assumed the fretful and impatient character of his disposition. His hair was light-brown in colour, and somewhat scanty, but he is usually drawn in a wig of gigantic dimensions.

Although the deeds of the subject of this memoir have completely eclipsed those of his ancestors, his family was ancient and eminent. In the year 1685, Henry, the second Earl of Peterborough, printed the records of his house. Among them appears a grant of the lands of Radwell in Bedfordshire, to Sir Osbert le Mordaunt, a Norman Knight, from his brother, whose name is unknown. The deed states that these lands were granted to the donor by

William I., for good service done by his father and himself, in the Conquest of England. The grandson of Osbert married into the family of De Alneto, or Daunay, and thus became possessed of the estate of Tarvey, which remained with the Mordaunts till their line terminated in a female.

For many generations the descendants of the Norman adventurer held a position of some importance in Bedfordshire, without, however, attaining to a higher eminence than that of occasionally furnishing a knight of the shire. But on the 16th of June, 1484, a Sir John Mordaunt distinguished himself as one of the king's generals at the battle of Stoke, near Newark-on-Trent, against John, Earl of Lincoln, and his adherents. This knight appears to have possessed some of the versatility of talent in which his great descendant abounded, for he was learned in the law, as well as a bold military chief. In the second year of Henry VII.'s reign, he was made Justice of Chester, and soon after Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The son of this Sir John was nominated by Act of Parliament "as one of the

most discreet persons," to assess and collect a subsidy of 163,000*l.* by a poll-tax. "Meriting much by reason of his great abilities," (probably having succeeded in obtaining the money), he was summoned as a Peer to Parliament, by his appreciative Sovereign Henry VIII., and took his seat accordingly on the 4th of May, 1532.

The three following Lords Mordaunt "appeared in arms," "sat in judgment" on other noble lords, and "were suspected," all in the usual course befitting their high position, without however, winning a place in any chronicle less limited than family records. But John, fifth Lord Mordaunt, gained the dignity of Earl of Peterborough, on the 9th of May, 1627. He was brought up in the faith of Rome; nevertheless, he had imbibed principles favourable to the Reformation. During a remarkable controversy held at his house, between the learned Bishop Usher and a Roman Catholic priest, wherein the latter was silenced, his vacillation settled into conviction, and henceforth he openly professed Protestantism. This Lord Peterborough afterwards

served under the Earl of Essex, in the army of the Parliament, and became Master General of the Ordnance under the Commonwealth. His eldest son, Henry, succeeded to his titles in due course.

This Henry, second Earl of Peterborough, had evinced his independence of paternal control, by taking a diametrically opposite view of political affairs to that of his father: he had raised a regiment for the Royal cause, and fought stoutly, and shed his blood, at the battle of Newbury; in 1648, he and his brother John rose with Lord Holland, to rescue the imprisoned king; they shared in their leader's defeat, but not in his death; they escaped to France, and were voted traitors to the Commonwealth, a punishment they by no means felt so severely as that of the sequestration of their estates, which speedily followed. At the Restoration, however, these brothers were more fortunate than many others, who had made equal sacrifices for the Royal cause; their estates were restored, and honours and places of trust were bestowed upon them.

Henry was appointed Governor of Tangier, the dowry of Charles II.'s bride, and retained the fickle favour of the Court for a considerable time. In 1773 he was sent as ambassador extraordinary to seek the hand of Mary of Modena for the Duke of York, then heir presumptive to the English throne. On the accession of James II. Lord Peterborough received his dangerous patronage, and, consequently, became an object of mistrust and hatred to the Commons.

The second brother, John Mordaunt, was famed for his signal and daring exploits during the Commonwealth; he had entered, heart and soul, into every scheme for the Restoration of the Stuarts, and on one occasion was actually brought to trial by Cromwell for treason, a danger from which few ever escaped; but the admirable energy and dexterity of his wife procured his acquittal. He was, nevertheless, retained a close prisoner in the Tower for several months, and the Protector was strongly inclined to bring him a second time to trial upon the same charge. At length, however, he obtained

his freedom, and immediately embarked again in plots against the existing government as zealously as before, and more successfully. At the death of Cromwell, John Mordaunt was one of the first and most active of those who counselled the return of Charles. His discretion kept pace with his zeal, and his services were most important. In reward for the risk of life and fortune, and for his loyalty and ability, he was raised to the peerage on the 10th of July, 1659, by the titles of Lord Mordaunt and Viscount Avalon.

In early youth John Mordaunt had won the affections of Elizabeth, grand-daughter, and eventually heiress, of the Earl of Monmouth. In all the pride of youth, rank, wealth, and beauty, she bestowed her hand upon him in the darkest hour of his fortunes. Through the many subsequent years of danger and difficulty, her loyal spirit and eminent ability supported and aided her husband; and when brighter days came, her great personal attractions, her "notable vivacity of wit and humour," added lustre to his

fame and rank. She bore him a numerous family of seven sons and four daughters; her first-born was Charles, afterwards the celebrated EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Strange to say, the exact date of this extraordinary man's birth cannot now be exactly ascertained, but there is little doubt that it took place in the year 1658. The same obscurity hangs over his boyhood and education.

Brought up in the profligate court of Charles II., the young Lord Mordaunt unhappily succumbed to its temptations. He learned to doubt the sacred mysteries of religion, to sneer at morality, and to hate the royal race. He kept a minute journal of his actions, thoughts, and feelings, during this early period, and in later life included it in a memoir, which he prepared for posthumous publication; but the confessions were of such a nature that his "best friend," to whom he had entrusted them, caused them to be destroyed. Probably no biography of the time would have been so valuable to the historian, or so entertaining to the general reader, as that of this

singular man. He was constantly engaged in state affairs of the greatest moment; and his keen perception would doubtless have opened up many a mystery of politics and diplomacy, while his airy wit and playful sarcasm would have thrown a charm over every subject on which he treated.

It is a painful necessity, thus on the very threshold, to confess that the subject of this memoir was a sceptic and a libertine. But, having unreservedly held up these dark stains to the light, it will be just, as well as agreeable, to bring to notice also his extraordinary gifts and virtues, which must excite astonishment and almost admiration.

Even at a very early age Mordaunt evinced a love for action, and zeal in his country's service. He soon became impatient of the unsatisfying joys which Charles' court provided, and longed for a stage whereon to act a higher part. Happily many of the other young nobles of the day were also seized with a like desire for adventure and distinction; it became almost a fashion to

embark in voyages of discovery, or to seek employment by land and sea wherever opportunity offered. Questionable as the morality of some of these expeditions might be, they were at least less demoralising than the habits and pursuits which they interrupted.

At the close of 1674, when in his seventeenth year, Charles Mordaunt embarked in Admiral Torrington's ship, and proceeded to join Sir John Narborough's fleet in the Mediterranean. At that time Algerine corsairs infested those waters to the great detriment of the traders of all nations, and especially of the English. The Dey of Algiers had often heard the remonstrances of British envoys, but he had not felt the power of the distant state from whence they came. He, therefore, despised their threats, and turned a deaf ear to their complaints. His coffers were still stored with plundered British gold, and hundreds of Christian prisoners groaned under his cruel slavery. The evil had risen to such a height that even the feeble ministry of Charles II. was forced into action, and on the 18th of October, 1674,

Sir John Narborough, a distinguished officer, was sent with a squadron to restrain and revenge the piratical depredations of the barbarian states of Tripoly and Algiers.

On the 14th of January following, young Mordaunt had for the first time an opportunity of action. The admiral pursued four corsair men-of-war of considerable force into the harbour, and under the very guns of the castle and fort of Tripoly; there they deemed themselves secure. But the British were not to be thus baulked of their prey. As soon as night fell the boats of the fleet were manned and assembled under Cloudesley Shovel, then a lieutenant in the navy, and silently directed into the harbour. The surprise was complete. The Tripoline guard boat was carried instantly, and all the crew slain; thence the assailants pushed on without delay, and succeeded in burning all the corsair ships and destroying many of their crews. Shovel was much applauded for his courage and conduct upon this occasion, and was immediately promoted to the command of a ship. In his subordinate capacity

Mordaunt also distinguished himself. More than thirty years afterwards these two brave men again reaped laurels side by side in more elevated positions.

This successful exploit, seconded by the destruction of some other vessels at sea, and stores upon the coast, at length made the Tripolines earnest in their desire for peace; but they still hesitated to accept the conditions which the English admiral was determined to enforce. In February, with their remaining ships they again dared an encounter; they were defeated, and hardly escaped into their harbour with the loss of six hundred men. The Dey then granted all the conqueror's demands. The people, however, were not yet subdued; irritated at the submission of their ruler, they rose against him, and he with difficulty escaped. Sir John Narborough, on hearing of the revolution, again approached Tripoly, and threatened a bombardment. This argument was successful; the new Dey ratified the former treaty, and the town was spared. Early in 1677 the fleet returned to

England, and with it Mordaunt, who had meanwhile succeeded to his father's titles and estates. John Lord Mordaunt had died on the 5th of June, 1675, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and was buried at Fulham, where a magnificent monument was erected to his memory by his wife, on her own ancestral property.

It must have been about this time, while still almost a boy, that Mordaunt contracted his first marriage. The date, like that of his birth, is not ascertained; but it is known that his eldest son was returned as member of Parliament for Chippenham when just of age in the year 1700. His wife was the daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, of Dotes, in the shire of Mearns, North Britain. She bore him two sons, and a daughter, who became Duchess of Gordon. His marriage seems to have had no influence whatever upon his character or mode of life.

CHAP. II.

MORDAUNT'S spirit was altogether unsuited to the quiet enjoyment of domestic life, of lands, and of hereditary honours. He had not been many months at home before he began to burn once more for the excitement of military adventure. From some cause, which has never transpired, this son of the loyal and devoted John Mordaunt had imbibed a bitter hatred against the royal race, for whom his family had risked life and fortune. Even the fascinating influence of those pleasures which the Court abundantly offered, and which but too well suited his ill-regulated character, was insufficient to neutralise his dislike. At the early age of eighteen he already shared the friendship and the opinions of Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney, and had identified himself with their cause. As yet, however, his extreme youth had precluded him from direct interference in political

affairs; an expedition fitted out for the relief of Tangier, then besieged by the Moors, offered another opportunity of military adventure. He applied for employment, which he at once obtained, and on the 29th of September, 1678, he joined his Majesty's ship "Bristol," 42 guns, commanded by Captain Antony Langston, lying at Portsmouth, and destined for the Mediterranean. It does not appear exactly in what capacity Mordaunt sailed in the expedition, but probably it was as a volunteer, a practice not unusual at that time. Henry Teonge, the eccentric chaplain of the "Bristol," states, that on "a blustering rainy day, at seven o'clock at night, the Lord Mordaunt and four servants came on board to go the voyage with us." On the 17th of October they put to sea with two fire-ships and a convoy of merchantmen.

While tossing about in the Bay of Biscay, an incident occurred, strikingly illustrative of Mordaunt's strange character. One Sunday the chaplain was indisposed, and little capable of per-

forming his Sabbath duties, "when," to follow his own quaint description, "the Lord Mordaunt, taking occasion by my not being very well, would have preacht, askt the captaine's leave last night, and to that intent sate up till four in the morning to compose his speech, and intended to have Mr. Norwood to sing the psalme. All this I myself heard in agitation; and resolving to prevent him, I got up in the morning before I should have done, had I had respect to my own health, and came into the greate cabin, where I found the zealous Lord with our Captaine, whom I did so handle in a smart and short discourse, that he went out of the cabin in greate wrath. In the afternoon, he set one of the carpenter's crewe to worke about his cabin; and I being acquainted with it, did by my Captaine's order discharge the workeman, and he left working; at which the Reverent Lord was so vexed, that he borrowed a hammer, and busyed himself all that day in nayling up his hangings; but being done on the Sabbath day, and also when there was no necessity, I hope the worke will not be longe lived.

From that day he loved neyther mee nor the Captaine."

Mordaunt subsequently made himself very troublesome in the ship, but probably the captain hesitated to take any steps against a person whose rank, in those days, carried immunity with it. The unfortunate master, however, who sided with him, although but the instrument in the hands of the insubordinate young noble, was placed in arrest. Towards the end of November the vice-admiral's ship the "Rupert," of 58 guns, opportunely joined company. Mordaunt immediately transferred himself and his retinue on board of her, when, as the chaplain remarks with glee, "his Sunday's worke is com to nothinge."

No event worthy of particular mention occurred in this expedition. The "Rupert," under the vice-admiral, accompanied by two smaller vessels, cruised with some success in the Mediterranean, and destroyed a few of the Algerine corsairs. She returned to England in the autumn of 1679, and Mordaunt found himself once more without occupation. Soon after his return, the question of

supplies for the relief of Tangier, then closely pressed by the King of Fez, was mooted in the House of Commons, in consequence of a message from the king. The jealous representatives of the people, however, as usual refused to minister to the royal necessities without first obtaining the securities they deemed requisite for the safety of the Protestant religion. Tangier had always been looked upon unfavourably by the popular party. It was little more than a mere personal fief of the crown, costly and useless to the people. It was also regarded as an excuse for the support of a standing army, whose ranks were filled chiefly by Papists, and whose officers were also almost exclusively of that religion.

From his own resources, therefore, Charles was obliged to provide for the relief of his cherished appanage. A small expedition sailed for Tangier on the 4th of June, 1680, commanded by the Earl of Plymouth. He bore with him at least one officer who could not be accused of partiality for the Church of Rome, — the indefatigable Lord Mordaunt. Although still in a subordinate po-

sition, the young noble found means to gain distinction; notwithstanding that he was this time employed in a military capacity, the experience of his several former voyages in the same seas enhanced the value of his services. The expedition succeeded in throwing themselves into the besieged town, and continued the defence with vigour, although suffering under heavy losses from climate and from the sword of the enemy. In October Sir Palmer Fairborn, the second in command, was killed by a musket-ball, and in November Lord Plymouth, the Governor, died of a painful disease. In the meantime the capricious king had sent out the Earl of Mulgrave to assume the command of the forces, and not long afterwards the ill-starred colony was abandoned altogether. Lord Mordaunt had soon wearied of the monotony of the besieged town, and before the close of the year had found opportunity to return to England.

At this time a great excitement prevailed among the Country Party in consequence of the Royal order, that the Parliament summoned for

the 21st of March, 1681, should meet at Oxford instead of within the time-honoured walls of St. Stephen's. The cities of London and Westminster murmured loudly against this decree; the Earl of Essex presented a petition signed by eight peers, praying that it might be abandoned, and stating that (at Oxford) "neither Lords nor Commons can be in safety, but will be daily exposed to the swords of the Papists and their adherents, of whom too many are crept into your Majesty's guards." Mordaunt was one of the most active promoters of this bold address, and the signature of his name thereto was the first of his political acts as a peer of the realm. The king frowned upon these petitioners, and persisted in holding the Parliament at Oxford. Mordaunt neither feared his frowns nor regarded his favour, but still treasured up animosity against the House of Stuart, which burst forth with dangerous strength when opportunity offered.

Meanwhile, he pursued with determined vehemence all the measures which tended to thwart the Court. He hated both the royal brothers

alike, and held equally unfit to reign the selfish voluptuary and the gloomy bigot, of whom the Duke of Buckingham wittily said, "The first could see things if he would, the other would see things if he could."

The young Mordaunt supported heart and soul the efforts of his party to exclude the Duke of York from the succession to the throne, and though continually in a minority in the House of Peers, he succeeded in making himself thoroughly obnoxious and even formidable to the Government. Already he had gained a notoriety which might almost be called fame. Although he had barely reached the years of manhood, he had seen more of the changes and chances of life than most men of maturer age. He had given abundant proofs of courage, capacity, wit, and above all, of eccentricity. It was known that he was an accomplished scholar, as well as a daring soldier and sailor. While he hurried backwards and forwards to and from the Mediterranean, while he pursued piratical Algerines, or laboured in the defence of Tangier, his mind was as active as his body. He

stored up the treasures of classic learning, and enriched his memory with the best works of the English and French modern writers.

Mordaunt's politics have been described as "too disinterested for his age and country." Although far from wealthy, and brought up in the presence of dangerous example, nothing of corruption or meanness was ever laid to his charge; his naturally open and generous spirit revolted from baseness and venality, even when exhibited in those most closely connected with himself. Both his father and his uncle in the time of prosperity had not a little tarnished the fair renown which they had won in dangers and difficulties. In the very year of the Restoration John Lord Mordaunt had been base enough to receive 1000*l.* from Colonel Morley as the price of intercession for a pardon; and six years afterwards he was brought to account before the House of Commons by a Captain Taylor, for tyranny, suborning witnesses, and other shameful offences while Governor of Windsor Castle, but, being protected by the king, the inquiry was

abandoned. The elder brother, the Earl of Peterborough, who was for some years Governor of Tangier, does not appear to have rendered a very satisfactory account of his actions in that office, and on his return he urged his claim to a pension more on account of the embarrassed state of his affairs than from the consciounsess of any particular merit. In his later years he became a Roman Catholic at a time when such apostasies were rather too advantageous to obtain much credit for sincerity; but his former friends consoled themselves by saying that he did not abandon his religion till he had lost his intellect.

The young Lord Mordaunt had not yet become sufficiently conspicuous to attract the same degree of dangerous notice which the Court gave to his friends Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. He had not been admitted to the fatal privilege of their private councils, and thus escaped the toils of Judge Jeffreys and his royal master. He however openly displayed his sympathy for those great and good men, and for the principles in

which they died. He continued his friendship with them to the last, and accompanied Algernon Sidney to the scaffold.

But even while Mordaunt enjoyed the elevating associations of these noble minds, he indulged at times in freaks of strange folly and eccentricity. Lady Suffolk relates one of his adventures at this period told her by himself, which contrasts ludicrously with the stirring events in which he was then engaged. He was in love, or fancied himself in love, with a young lady who was very fond of birds; she had seen and heard a remarkably fine canary in a coffee-house near Charing Cross, and entreated her lover, in proof of his affection, to obtain it for her. The owner of this coveted pet was a widow, who was so much attached to it that she refused an enormous price which Mordaunt offered. He was, however, determined to gain his point by foul means, since fair had failed. By great exertion he managed to obtain another bird of exactly the same size and colour, but it chanced to be a voiceless hen; he then frequented the house to await his opportunity.

The landlady usually sat in a room behind the bar, always accompanied by her beloved canary, of which she seldom lost sight. One day Mordaunt, under some pretext, contrived to get her out of the way for a few minutes, and with great dexterity, exchanged his bird with that of the hostess, and carried off the prize undiscovered. Shortly after the Revolution, he, for the first time, ventured to touch upon this dangerous subject to the landlady, saying, "I would have bought that bird of yours, and you refused my money for it; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it." "Indeed, sir," answered she, "I am not, nor would I now take any money for him; for, would you believe it? from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note."

King James's speech from the throne in 1685, gave an opportunity to the enemies of his despotic policy for declaring their sentiments of hostility; the address of the Commons was little more than a remonstrance against the repeated violations of the "Test Act," which had occurred since the

late accession. In the Lords an animated debate arose on the question of thanking the king for his speech, which the courtiers pressed as a form of respect that was always due. Lord Halifax said, with bitter sarcasm, "that they had now more reason than ever to give thanks to His Majesty for having dealt so plainly with them." The House, not being called upon to proceed to votes of supply as the Commons had been, remained some days without coming to a decision, till they were roused into action by the king's imperious answer to the address of the Lower House.

At length, on the 19th of November, the answer was brought under discussion. Lord Devonshire moved that the standing army should be taken into consideration on the ground of its danger and illegality. He was supported by Lords Halifax, Nottingham, and even by the aged and loyal Lord Anglesea, whose horror of the Roman Catholic religion overcame his instinct of obedience to the "divine right" of the Crown. But the speech which, far beyond others, attracted notice, was that of the young and impetuous

Lord Mordaunt. "Let us not," he said, "like the House of Commons, speak of jealousy and mistrust; ambiguous measures inspire those feelings. What we now see is not ambiguous. A standing army is on foot, filled with officers who cannot be allowed to serve without overthrowing the laws. To keep up a standing army when there is neither civil nor foreign war, is to establish that arbitrary government which Englishmen hold in such just abhorrence."

This spirited and characteristic speech, the first which he had ever spoken in the House, excited great interest, and filled his party with hopes of his future distinction; but, even in this remarkable address, there was evidence of that vague uncertainty of purpose and strange unsoundness of mind which ever prevented this singularly gifted man from rising to greatness. Jeffreys — the judge — then Lord Chancellor, followed on the side of the Court. He urged that the thanks already voted were an approval of the royal speech, and that therefore the subject was closed. His scurrilous invective, and the tone and gesture

of menace with which he was used to terrify witnesses and juries, roused the wrath of the Lords instead of overawing them. Jeffreys soon quailed under the indignation of such men as Mordaunt and Halifax, and from insolent audacity, sank into grovelling meanness. His defeat was signal, for in a House where nearly every qualified peer was present, the motion for taking the Address into consideration was carried without a division.

Mordaunt had long been under the displeasure of the Court, and now more than ever was he a marked man. But as he had not by any overt act placed himself within the grasp of the law, he only suffered to the extent of being excluded from all public employment. This, however, was to him a serious deprivation. His profuse generosity was ill supplied by limited means, and he had fallen into pecuniary embarrassments. He therefore determined to seek elsewhere those opportunities of action which were denied to him at home. Hatred of Popery and of despotic power naturally inclined him to turn his attention to Holland, the stronghold of liberty and Protes-

tantism. He solicited leave to serve abroad,—a favour which was granted with alacrity, and in 1686 he quitted England with the professed intention of accepting a command in the Dutch fleet then about to sail for the West Indies.

When Mordaunt arrived in Holland he presented himself immediately to the Prince of Orange, and, first among the British nobility, boldly proposed to William an immediate invasion of England. He pushed his arguments with fiery zeal; he urged the disaffection of all classes, the hatred of the Commons, the defection of the Lords, the alarm of the Church, and the wavering loyalty of the army. But of all this the wary Prince was already well informed. He listened with inward pleasure to the repetition of the counsel that lay nearest to his heart; but his was not a temper to be infected by the enthusiasm of the high-spirited young Englishman: he therefore declined any immediate movement, and only "promised in general to have an eye on the affairs of England; and that he should endeavour to put the affairs of Holland in so good a posture as to be ready to

act when it should be necessary; and he assured him, that if the king should go about either to change the established religion, or to wrong the princess in her right, or to raise forged plots to destroy his friends, he would try what he could possibly do."

This reception of Mordaunt's counsel, although it fell short of his ardent hopes, did not damp his exertions for the great purpose upon which his mind was bent. He continued in Holland until the Revolution, and progressed much in the Prince's favour. Bishop Burnet states that he was "one whom his highness chiefly trusted, and by whose advice he governed his motions." Nevertheless, when the "Declaration" prepared by William was shown to the English malcontents then assembled at the Hague, Mordaunt joined with Wildman, a known republican, and others, in objecting to certain passages, which they conceived would lead to too close a community with the Church party in England. The objections were, not without difficulty, overcome by altering a few expressions in the proposed declaration, and omitting some sentences.

Lord Mordaunt's jealousy of the Church of England was wholly political. All systems of faith and worship were alike indifferent to his dreary scepticism. But to the clergy, as the declared advocates of passive obedience, he entertained a strong hostility. He despised their attempts to exalt an undistinguishing loyalty, and submission to an alleged Divine right, to the rank of the highest duty. His apparent zeal for the Protestant religion in the matter of the Test Act proceeded simply from his hatred to Popery, and his activity in advancing William to the throne was prompted only by his hatred to James. The sceptic and republican chose an independent faith and a constitutional king as the least among evils.

During his stay in Holland at this time, Mordaunt was fortunate enough to form an intimate friendship with the celebrated Mr. Locke, which continued uninterrupted for many years. A portion of their subsequent correspondence still is extant, and proves their wit as well as their mutual regard.

CHAP. III.

At length the great day came when the Prince of Orange was to sail for England. Deeply as contemporary men must have felt the importance of this enterprise, they could not have overestimated its influence on the future destinies of their country. On the 20th of October, 1688, the Dutch fleet sailed from the Flats, near Brill, for England, under the command of Admiral Herbert. There was the calm and inflexible William—there the generous Earl of Shrewsbury, who had pledged goods and lands for the expedition—there was the chivalrous and eccentric Mordaunt, whose father had risked his life to restore the royal race now about to be swept away for ever,—there were a Russell and a Sidney, the blood of whose kindred lay a red stain upon the House of Stuart,—there was the great Marshal Schomberg, one of the ablest captains of the day—there was Ar-

gyle, the son of him who had lost his life in the cause of the Reformed Faith,—and above the ship that bore the chief of their illustrious band there waved a flag bearing the sacred motto, "The Protestant Religion and Liberties of England."

A dreadful storm raged for three days during the voyage, and seriously damaged the Dutch fleet. When this disaster to his enemy was reported to James II., he said laughing, to M. de Barillon, the French ambassador,—"At last, then, the wind has declared itself Papist;" then resuming his usual serious air, and altering his voice, he continued, —"You know that for these three days I have ordered the Holy Sacrament to go in procession." Such was then the king of Protestant England!

It is needless to speak here of the further delays that occurred, or of the ultimately successful landing and progress of the Prince of Orange to his almost bloodless victory. During this critical time, when the fate of millions and of generations yet unborn stood in the balance, Mordaunt, as ever, played a prominent part.

The first commission that William signed in England was to him as lieutenant-colonel of horse; but so "curious" was he in the choice and picking of his men, that he was as long raising his regiment as the unhappy Monmouth had been in raising an army: nevertheless, he was in time to render valuable aid at Exeter in opening the way for the Prince of Orange.

Captain Hicks, the brother of the Non-conformist minister who had suffered under Jeffreys, had been sent to that city, to feel the pulse of the inhabitants, and to enlist such as offered into the Prince's service. But no sooner had he arrived and begun to enter upon his commission, than he was apprehended by a warrant from the mayor, and an order was made out for his arrest, but it was not executed for fear of the populace. He was nevertheless detained in custody, and so continued till Lord Mordaunt, with Dr. Burnet and three or four troops of horse, came up to enforce his release. There were no soldiers in the place, nor was it capable of defence. The gates were nevertheless shut for form's sake against the Prince and his partisans, as against enemies;

nor, when Lord Mordaunt had obtained admittance, on his requiring them to be opened on pain of death, would the mayor acknowledge his Highness in any capacity, or pay him any compliment or accept of any deputation from him. The next day, the fourth after his landing, the Prince entered, but met with no countenance.

William still lay at Exeter, and while a terrible uncertainty hung over the great cause, Mordaunt pushed boldly on into Wiltshire, unfurled the standard of liberty, and began to raise fresh troops in the name, and by the commission, of William of Orange. At first he met with but little success in that district, for the spirit of the West had been bent, if not broken, by the atrocities of Jeffreys and Kirke, and the enthusiasm of the peasantry seemed buried in the tomb of the hapless Monmouth. In the meantime, events hurried on so rapidly elsewhere, that Mordaunt's sword was not destined then to leave its scabbard, and the tide flowed so strongly in favour of the welcome invader, that all Dorsetshire came in a body and joined him.

In the North, however, a resistance was still expected, and Mordaunt was sent off to superintend the muster of the royal troops. He gives an account of some of his proceedings at this time, in a letter to Mr. Locke, dated "Newcastle, January 9. 1689:—I must begin with a description of Lord Delamere's army: it wanted nothing to be a complete regiment but clothes, boots, arms, horses, and men. There was never anything so scandalous as that the king should have paid him near 9000*l.* already to that rout. Some of our lords take their rest, others their pleasure. I go to-morrow to Berwick to examine some regiments, and come back the day after to Newcastle; a pleasant journey! At least no reproach shall lie at my door. For I can say that pleasure, when engaged in business, never made me go an inch out of my way."

Lord Mordaunt's services in the Revolution were considered so important, that immediately on the accession of William and Mary, he was summoned as a privy councillor, and also made one of the lords of the bedchamber. On the 8th

of April, 1689, another office of more importance was conferred upon him, that of first commissioner of the treasury. In this department were, however, associated with him men of very uncongenial characters — the Earl of Warrington, lately Lord Delamere, who sold his patronage with unblushing effrontery, and Lord Godolphin, whom Mordaunt neither liked nor trusted.

While holding this office, the first commissioner displayed alike his generosity, and the extreme bent of his political principles. He filled all places in his gift with men of republican principles, and even in those trying times, kept himself above all imputation of corruption. His hatred and contempt for the venality of his colleague, Lord Warrington, soon placed them in bitter hostility to each other.

The day after Mordaunt's promotion to the treasury, on the 9th of April, 1689, he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Monmouth. It is said that he was the only person who would accept the title which had been so lately borne by the unhappy son of Charles II., and which it

was deemed advisable should be given away thus to break up the old and dangerous associations of the name. The more probable reason was, however, that the title had been formerly in his mother's family. His maternal grandfather had been Earl of Monmouth.

On the 30th of May, the same year, he was also made Custos Rotulorum of the County of Northampton. When an address of the lord mayor and the City of London was presented, and the more substantial tribute of a regiment of horse was also by them placed at His Majesty's disposal, Lord Monmouth was appointed to its command, the king himself being colonel. Shortly afterwards, on a state occasion, this corps, "richly and gallantly accoutred, and led by the Earl of Monmouth, attended their majesties from Whitehall to the City." The great influence which he now enjoyed was used by him in endeavouring to advance his friends, as well as in gaining rewards for himself. He procured that the offer of the important post of envoy to Berlin should be made to Mr. Locke. The compliment was gratefully

acknowledged, but the appointment was declined on the ground of ill health.

In the early part of this same year, Monmouth was one of six who nobly stood up for the defence of religious freedom, against the overwhelming majority of their peers. The king having made an effort to dispense with the application of the sacramental test, in the case of those appointed to hold office under the crown, was signally defeated. But these six peers protested against the narrow bigotry of exclusion for reasons so excellent, that the mature liberality of happier days has not been capable of improving upon them. Not long afterwards, however, Monmouth again appeared as a protester against a decision of the House of Lords, that laymen should not be admitted into a commission about to be instituted, for the purpose of devising the best means for "uniting their majesties' Protestant subjects." In this case he seems to have been actuated by direct hostility to the Church of England.

Monmouth soon found further opportunity of exhibiting his jealousy of the established

religion. When the king laid before the privy council the remarkable speech of his own composition, which he had prepared for the opening of Parliament in 1689, it met with unanimous approval in every expression but one, and to that Monmouth was the sole objector; in deference to him, "The Church of England is one of the greatest supports of the Protestant religion" was substituted for "The Church of England is the chief support of the Protestant religion," as the sentence originally stood.

Hitherto Monmouth, and the party with which he acted, had in most respects coincided with the king, but a question now arose that speedily infused jealousies between them. The Whigs introduced a bill, the real object of which was to take the management of the militia out of the royal power, and commit it to that of the people. Many of those who had formerly possessed most of the king's confidence had lately found a coldness growing upon him, which aroused their disgust, and inspired them with a dread of having to recommence a struggle against the undue

exercise of prerogative; and now upon the first indication, as they held it, of this danger, they joined issue. The Whigs were beaten, but the leaders of both parties had attained an unhappy success, in infusing mutual jealousies between the king and those who should have been his firmest supporters. The Earl of Nottingham on the side of the king, and the Earls of Monmouth and Warrington against His Majesty, were equally active in this mischievous occupation of sowing dissensions among those who had been the promoters of the Revolution. On one occasion, during the discussion of a vote of supply, when Mr. Hampden spoke in the House of Commons of the danger to which the nation was exposed, of falling into the hands of the French and Irish, an opposition member sarcastically moved "and of the Dutch."

Even in the first year after the Revolution these discontents ripened into conspiracies. Sir James Montgomery, a Scottish Presbyterian, entered into a correspondence with the ex-king's party in England. He demanded from them

assurance of full indemnity for the past, and the settlement of the Presbytery in Scotland. It is certain that he found means of communicating with the principal Whigs, and obtained some credit with them, especially with the Duke of Bolton, and the Earl of Monmouth. He used his utmost endeavours to incite them against the king, not without success, as their enemies affirm. It is unnecessary to state here how the plot was discovered and thwarted; however, King William evidently did not believe that his own ministers were concerned in it. A conversation with Lord Monmouth, related by Bishop Burnet, and the fact of his being soon after removed from the post of first commissioner of the treasury, have led many to the belief that this strange man was actually implicated in the conspiracy against a king whom he had so lately risked everything to enthrone. A much more probable reason for the dismissal is afforded in the fact, that the Parliament then summoned proved hostile to the first commissioner. An attempt was made to form a coalition ministry of Whigs and Tories; Lords

Monmouth and Warrington were displaced. Other changes were also made in inferior places. But in the following year, when the king went to excise the Irish ulcer which still preyed on the strength of the State, he left a council of nine (the nine kings as they were called) to assist Queen Mary in all public affairs during his absence; in this body, indeed, the Tories predominated, but the Earl of Monmouth was one of the members; with him was associated another man of his own party, alternately his friend and enemy, his patron and assailant, Lord John Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough. This position of peculiar and somewhat delicate trust would in itself seem sufficient contradiction to the vague and rather insinuated rumour, of his having been dismissed for conspiring against the king.

The members of this council of nine were, Lord Danby, president, Lords Pembroke, Devonshire, Nottingham, Godolphin, Marlborough, and Monmouth, Admiral Russell, and Sir John Lowther. They were all men of influence, and possessors of

appointments about the Court; and yet it has been freely asserted that six of them were in secret correspondence with the dethroned king. From the first they seemed to have been viewed with mistrust by the Queen herself. On the 6th of July, 1690, she writes to King William: "By this express I shall write freely and tell you what great suspicions increase continually of Major Wildman. It would be too long to tell you all the reasons of suspicion, but this one instance I will give, that since your going from hence, there is not one word from Scotland, neither from Lord Melville nor Colonel Mackay to Lord Marlborough, which, methinks, is unaccountable."

The Major Wildman named in this letter had been notoriously engaged in all the plots for the last forty years: he appears to have been then secretary to Lord Monmouth, and no doubt the association was highly injurious to the latter.

At this time news was daily expected from the fleet under Lord Torrington, which was soon destined to receive the severest blow the British navy had ever felt. The admiral was suspected

by the Queen's cabinet, and the council of nine. hampered him by their commands and interference. His position was difficult; the abominable corruption of the times, fostered by the evils of a revolution, had worked its way upon the public stores, and almost destroyed the great naval resources left by the preceding king. A severe discomfiture had been experienced the year before at Bantry Bay, which had lowered the *morale* of the sailors. Moreover, he had the misfortune of being on bad terms with, and almost suspected by, the Dutch admiral Evertzen. The Dutchman advised an engagement; the Englishman, painfully aware of the miserable condition of his fleet, disapproved, and only aspired to defend the coast from invasion. This view he communicated to the Queen, who laid it before her council of nine, with what result the following letter from Her Majesty to King William will show:—

"Lord Nottingham says Lord Steward (Lord Devonshire) was very angry at Lord Torrington's deferring the fight, and proposed that somebody should be joined in commission with him. But the

other lords said that could not be done; so Lord Monmouth offered to take one whose name I have forgot (he is newly made commissioner of the navy, and, as Lord Nottingham tells me, you had thoughts of having him command the fleet if Lord Torrington had not); this man Lord Monmouth proposed to take and go together on board Lord Torrington's ship as volunteers, but with a commission about them to take the command in case he should be killed. I told Nottingham I was not willing to grant any commission of that nature, not knowing whether you ever had any thoughts of that kind, so that I thought he was only to be thanked for his offer. I added, that I could not think it proper that he, being one of the nine you had named, should be sent away. Upon which Lord Nottingham laughed, and said, 'that was the greatest compliment I could make Lord Monmouth, to say I could not make use of his arm, having need of his counsel.' I suppose they are not *very* good friends, but I said it really as I meant.

"Mr. Russell drew up a pretty sharp letter (to Lord Torrington) for me to sign, but it was softened, and the only dispute was whether he should have a positive order to fight. At last it was wrote in such terms as you shall see, to which all agreed but Lord Steward (Devonshire), who said, 'it was his duty to tell his thoughts upon a subject of this consequence,'

which was, 'that he believed it very dangerous to trust Lord Torrington with the fate of three kingdoms, and that he was absolutely of opinion that some other should be joined in commission with him;' to which Mr. Russell answered, '-You must send for him prisoner then,' and all concluded that it would breed too much disturbance in sight of the enemy.

"I was no sooner abed than Lord Nottingham came to me from the Lords, who were most of them still at his office, where Lord Monmouth was come very late, but time enough to know all. He offered his service immediately to go down post to Portsmouth (so that the Admiralty would give him the commission of a captain), and fit out the best ship there, which he believes he can do with more speed than another, with which he will join Lord Torrington, and being in a great passion, swears 'he will never come back again if they do not fight.' Upon his earnest desire, and approbation of the Lords who were present, Lord Nottingham came up to ask my consent. I asked who was there? and finding four besides Lord Monmouth and Lord Nottingham,—I remember but the names of three of them, which were the Lord President (Danby), Lord Steward (Devonshire), and Sir John Lowther, but the fourth was either Lord Pembroke or Lord Marlborough,—I thought in myself that they were two-thirds of the committee, so would carry it if put

to the vote; therefore, seeing they were as earnest as he for it, I thought I might consent."

To Monmouth's great annoyance, his absence made very little sensation; indeed, to the Queen it was positively a relief, as thereby the sources of many harassing suspicions were removed; yet the sequel showed that the advantage of his absence was dearly purchased by entrusting him with a ship of war.

The strange story of the lemon-juice letters explains the motive which actuated the Queen and her council in accepting so willingly Lord Monmouth's offer of service in the fleet. About four days before King William went to Ireland, Monmouth had shown him a letter, written in lemon juice, in such a manner that it only became legible after the application of heat, affirming that it had been intercepted by Major Wildman; it was directed to M. Coutenay, Amsterdam, and purported to inform him of every thing that was done in the most secret councils of the King, and, subsequently to his departure, of every thing that was done by the Queen and the committee of nine. The minute accuracy of information which

these letters displayed gave rise to strong suspicions that they must have been concocted by a member of the council. Attention was soon turned upon the gifted but eccentric earl, and the Marquis of Carmarthen directly expressed his opinion to King William that the letters were contrived by Lord Monmouth, with Major Wildman's assistance, in the view of creating strife and mistrust in the royal counsels. The Queen in a more guarded manner indicates her similar suspicions in a letter to the King: —

"I own to you that I had a thought which I would not own, though I found some of the Lords have the same, about the *lemon letters* (which I suppose you have heard of), which come so constantly and are so very exact, — the last of which told even the debates of the committee, as well as if one of the Lords themselves had writ them. This, I think, looks somewhat odd, and I believe makes many forward for this expedition; and, for my own part, I believe he [Monmouth] may be best spared of the company; though I think it a little irregularity, yet I hope you will excuse it, and nobody else can find fault.

"Ten at night.

"Since my writing this, there has come a great deal

of news. As I was going to the Cabinet Council, Sir William Lockhart came with a letter from the committee. Lord Monmouth was there, after having been in the city, where he has found one Major Born (I think his name is), who has the commission of captain and not himself, he desiring that his instructions may be kept as secret as may be, lest he should come too late. In the mean time, his regiment being at Portsmouth is the pretence. He (Lord Monmouth) made great professions at parting, and desired me to believe that there are some great designs. We had another lemon letter, with things so particular that none but some of the Lords could know them, especially things that were done at the office late last night; upon which all sides are of the same mind."

It will be seen by this letter that there was a wide difference between the rules of the naval service in those days and in ours: we find Lord Monmouth laying a sort of claim to the command of a ship of the line, because his regiment lay at Portsmouth. Although many of the land officers, himself among others, had won distinction at sea during the triumphant maritime successes of James II., he had latterly issued the

wise order that none should command ships who had not served a proper apprenticeship to a naval life. His daughter failed to continue this restriction, and the lamentable defeat of Beachy Head was one of the consequences.

The restless and ambitious Monmouth aspired to the command of the whole fleet, a trust which Queen Mary was indisposed to confide to his somewhat doubtful fidelity. In the mean time Lord Torrington, urged on by others, against his own sounder judgment, fought and lost the great naval battle of Beachy Head, and Monmouth returned to London without having embarked at all. Queen Mary says, in a letter informing William III. of the defeat, "I confess I was not sorry Monmouth came so soon back, for all agree in the same opinion of him:" and again she writes the following day, describing the proceedings of her council of nine; that they unanimously agreed to send two of their number to superintend the movements of the remains of the fleet, while Lord Torrington should be brought to trial. Lord Monmouth

and Mr. Russell, the only two among them who had any professional experience, both excused themselves to the Queen; the former ostensibly because he was related to the admiral about to be tried, but really because he was not actually to command the fleet, and the latter probably for the same reason, but professedly because he had long served under Lord Torrington. "I spoke to Lord Monmouth, who I saw was dissatisfied; and I told him I knew it was not fit for him to go to sea, who was a seaman, without the command: and that, he heard, was by all agreed for the present, Sir John Ashley should have, for an encouragement to the rest to behave well, as he had done on this occasion; he told me he thought he had reason to expect it, because you had once thoughts of sending him to command, but he was content with anything as he said; as for that I never heard you say it, and if you knew what I shall tell you, if ever I live to see you, you will wonder."

"Lord Monmouth daily tells me of the great danger we are in, and now has a mind to be sent

to Holland (of which you will hear either by this or the next post). I see every one is inclined to it, for a reason I mentioned before, and indeed things have but a melancholy aspect."

Queen Mary displayed great shrewdness in her management of her council, in none of whom could she implicitly trust. She had, however, the advantage of their disliking and suspecting each other, so much as to prevent any dangerous combination. Mr. Russell had been the first to suggest to her the very strong probability that Lord Monmouth and Major Wildman had contrived the lemon letters between them, for the purpose of their being intercepted, and thus to encourage doubts and disunion among the councillors. While Monmouth and his colleague Wildman were away at the fleet these letters ceased, but recommenced directly upon their return.

Unaware that the Queen suspected his complicity in the plot, Lord Monmouth sedulously used every opportunity of insinuating distrust to her of his fellow councillors. She writes the

following account of a singular interview with him to King William: —

"I had a conversation with Lord Monmouth the other morning, in which he said 'what a misfortune it was that things thus went ill, which was certainly the fault of those that were in trust; that it was a melancholy thing to the nation to see themselves thus thrown away. And to speak plain,' said he, 'do not you see how all you do is known, that what is said one day in the cabinet council, is wrote next day to France. For my part,' added he, 'I must speak plainly; I have a great deal of reason to esteem Lord Nottingham; I don't believe 'tis he, but 'tis some one in his office,' and then he fell on Mr. Blaithwith. I owned 'I wondered why you would let him [Lord Monmouth] serve here, since he would not go with you; but,' I said, 'I suppose you knew why you did it:' and when he began to talk high of ill administration, I told him in the same freedom that he seemed to speak to me, that, 'I found it very strange you were not thought fit to choose your own ministers; that they had already removed Lord Halifax, the same endeavours were used for Lord Carmarthen, and would they now begin to make a *bout* at Lord Nottingham too? It would show they would pretend even to control the king in his choice, which, if I

were he, I would not suffer, but would make use of whom I pleased.' I cannot tell if I did well or no in this, but in the free way we were speaking I could not help it. Upon this Lord Monmouth said 'he had indeed been an enemy to Lord Halifax, but he had done what he could to save Lord Carmarthen, out of personal friendship, as well as because he believed him firm to our interest.' Upon which I took occasion to remember my obligations to him [Lord Carmarthen] on account of our marriage, from which he [Lord Monmouth] still went on, 'that he thought it necessary the nation should be satisfied.' I asked him 'if he thought that possible;' he said, 'that he could tell me much on that subject.' But we were called to council, and so our discourse ended for that time."

The evident object of Monmouth at this time was to create as great confusion and distrust as possible, in not only the government, but also in the royal family. Already he was tired of the reign of the Dutch king, and longed for the Commonwealth, which he dreamed would open a wider field for his own reckless ambition. He was aware that William had warned the queen against appearing too frequently at the privy

council; and he adroitly encouraged the discontent of that body at her absence from their deliberations. One afternoon factions ran very high in the privy council; in the midst of the murmurs about the queen's absence, Lord Monmouth and the lord steward (Devonshire) thought fit to leave their seats at the council board, and enter her private apartments, where they entreated her to accompany them back to appease the malcontents. The queen, who shrewdly suspected Lord Monmouth to be the leader of the storm, and dreading the king's displeasure if she appeared too often at the public council, refused to go. She thus describes the affair in a letter to His Majesty: —

"I was surprised at it [the visit of Lords Monmouth and Devonshire], for they sent for me out of my closet. I will not trouble you with all they said, but they were very pressing, and lord steward told me there were many there who absolutely told him they would not speak but before me; that they were privy councillors established by law, and did not know why they should be denied my presence? I answered them first as civilly as I could, and as

calmly, but being much pressed I grew a little peevish, and told them that, between us, I thought it a humour in some of them, which I did not think myself bound to please: for should I come now to this, I should at last be sent for when anybody had a mind to it. But all I could say would not satisfy them; and had not Lord Nottingham come in, I believe they would not have left me so soon."

Five days after the dispatch of the foregoing letter, the queen writes to her husband that

"I had yesterday an offer made me of 200,000*l.*, to be lent upon a note under my hand, that it should be paid as soon as the parliament gave the money, but it was only on this condition, that the parliament should be dissolved; I told Lord Monmouth, who made me the proposition, that was a thing I could not promise, it being of that consequence, that though all the lords of the great council should unanimously agree to, yet I would not venture upon it without knowing your pleasure. He said many extraordinary things in this discourse, which I reserve to tell you."

In Queen Mary's further correspondence with the king, Lord Monmouth is repeatedly mentioned as intriguing for the sole command of the

fleet, in which, however, he was obviously unsupported by any one of the council of nine. Desirous though they all were to get rid of him from among themselves, they dared not trust him with so great a power.

CHAP. IV.

IRELAND being subdued, and the king having returned to England, in the beginning of January, 1691, he undertook a voyage to his well-beloved Holland, notwithstanding the severity of the season. On the 16th, he embarked at Gravesend with a numerous retinue, among whom was Monmouth. A convoy of twelve men of war, commanded by Admiral Rooke, accompanied them. On the 18th, the king was informed by a fisherman, that he was within a league and a half of the land: this was too good news to be neglected: weary of the inactivity of sea life, he entrusted himself to a small shallop, and made for the shore. With him were those "nearest his confidence," the good Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Monmouth, and a few others. The seamen themselves did not like the expe-

dition; the frost had been unusually severe, and the ice along the low and dangerous coast was so thick, as to render landing very difficult. The prospect was such that even Monmouth himself endeavoured to dissuade the king from the adventure, but could not shake his resolution. He and his noble escort put off from the fleet, and for eighteen hours, in an open boat, lightly clothed, and at times in peril, they were tossed about by the wind and waves. However, neither he nor his companions were sufferers from this exposure. About two in the afternoon they landed in safety near Maeslandsluys, and at six in the evening reached the Hague.

When the proper ceremonies of the king's reception had been gone through, was opened "the most glorious congress that ever yet appeared of Christian princes and ministers," to concert measures with King William for the liberty of Europe against the encroachments of France. Among the nobles who formed the suite of the English king, none was more sincere in hostility to the designs of France than the Earl of Mon-

mouth. In April he returned with the king to London, where they arrived on the 13th.

In November of this year Monmouth was again active at his post in the House of Lords. On a question which then arose with the Commons, he stood up for his order against an apparent interference on the part of the lower chamber, and was one of the seven peers who were selected to hold conference on the subject. He and his associates, however, failed in reconciling the opposite opinions of the two bodies, and, subsequently, the matter dropped, and was forgotten.

Monmouth had, throughout his ministerial appointments and dismissals, continued to command his regiment of Royal Horse Guards. The opportunity of action opened to him by the continental war, in 1792, was gladly seized. He embarked with his corps, which was ordered on that duty, and served, as it is said, "with distinction" during the campaign. No record remains of his individual actions in this subordinate command; but his experience acquired

there was doubtless valuable to him, when in after times he played a more important part, and his daring and energetic character became then known to his military superiors.

There was, however, little in this campaign to satisfy Monmouth's ambition and love of glory. He indignantly witnessed the fall of Namur, while a swollen river only separated the relieving army, to which he belonged, from an equal enemy. He and his Royal Horse Guards, at the battle of Steenkirk, fought stoutly in the British van, and hardly escaped from the disasters which incapacity or treason brought on that inglorious day: finally, under the command of the timorous and incapable Count Horn, the campaign was concluded in an unwilling inactivity, even more humiliating than defeat: in October, he returned to England with the king.

On the 7th of December, Monmouth again found occasion to exercise his energies in the House of Lords. An effort was made by the opposition to have committees of each House of Parliament appointed, for the purpose of advising

the king in the measures to be adopted, for remedying the misadventures of the last campaigns. All the ministry and the privy council opposed this motion, and, with the assistance of every bishop but one, mustered a majority of 48 to 36 votes. Eighteen of the lords, among whom was Monmouth, entered a protest against their defeat, of a nature by no means flattering to the Court.

For more than two years after this occurrence, Monmouth took no prominent part in public affairs. He passed his time principally at Parson's Green, in the neighbourhood of London, living the usual life of men of his rank and age; better in some respects, and worse in others. He delighted in literature. He still sought the society of men of letters. He indulged a strong taste for rural pursuits, which was one among his many and incongruous characteristics. His gardens were the finest in the vicinity; they were more than twenty acres in extent, and the rarest fruits and flowers were cultivated in

abundance. Among their ornaments was a magnificent tulip tree, seventy-six feet in height.

But, although delighting in these humanising enjoyments, on the other hand he disregarded all considerations of virtue and morality, except inasmuch as they coincided with his own peculiar notions of honour; and his airy and graceful wit ever sparkled in the cold light of infidelity. It has been already mentioned, that all records of his private (it cannot be called domestic) life were destroyed by those who were interested in his good name; but enough evidence remains to indicate its nature, in the occasional reference made to him by contemporary writers. He was not contented with simply being bad in a bad age, but he also indulged the strange and unworthy vanity of being conspicuously worse than those around him.

A spurious passion for notoriety rather than a love of fame, was a miserable and mischievous weakness in his, in some respects, almost great character. Without a faith, without one lofty aim or steady purpose, his brilliant ability,

his daring courage, his energy, eloquence, and wit, his undoubted honesty and disinterestedness, have failed to gain him an honoured name in history. His achievements and gifts are, indeed, regarded with wonder, but hardly with admiration, and certainly not with respect. In times of general corruption he stands unaccused of venality, although his means were far from proportionate to his reckless and undistinguishing generosity. He was also the uncompromising enemy of corruption in others. When in the year 1695, the enormous bribery of the East India Company, and the venality of many members of the legislature, were at length forced upon public notice, he was one of the most vigorous advocates for inquiry and retribution, and was named as a member of the Committee of the House of Lords, which was appointed to examine into the accounts of Sir Thomas Cooke, Governor of the East India Company and a member of the House of Commons, the alleged agent of these shameful transactions. This inquiry produced strong suspicions, if not evi-

dence, against the Duke of Leeds, the lord president of the Council himself, amongst others; an impeachment was moved against him, but the case having been delayed by the disappearance of a most important witness, in the meantime Parliament was prorogued, and the matter fell to the ground.

During all this period the coolness of Monmouth towards the king was growing into positive dislike. Reasons both of a public and private nature tended to increase this estrangement. The Tories had been admitted to Royal favour. A marked preference had been shown on all occasions to Dutch men and to Dutch interests. The concessions of the Crown to Parliament had borne the stamp more of indifference than of goodwill. The leaders of the Revolution were now held of little account. Marlborough had been stripped of all his appointments, and had even tasted the grim hospitality of the Tower. Debt was accumulating upon the nation, and political morality had fallen to the lowest ebb. Again, in Monmouth's mind, private pique aided the disgust excited by these public

evils. William ever, even in their most friendly times, treated him as if he might one day be an enemy. The cold and haughty manner of the king angered but did not awe the gifted and powerful noble. He was also indignant that his services were not engaged by him to whose advancement he had so ably contributed, while his restless spirit began to long for any change that might call him once more into activity.

Sentiments of this nature, however dangerous in those times, were not likely to be kept secret by the boldest of the bold; he expressed his opinion of the state of things in a manner that drew upon him the suspicions of the Court party. He scorned to dissimulate, being, as Bishop Burnet had formerly described him, "a man of much heat, many notions, and full of discourse. He was brave and generous, but had not true judgment. His thoughts were crude and indigested, and his secrets soon known." It was not long before opportunity offered to his enemies to throw him into disgrace, and to this day it remains doubtful whether they were not justified in their

attack upon him. In the party heat of the time the House of Lords was highly hostile in the matter, and accepted against him the evidence of the desperate and the infamous. However, no sufficient proof was adduced to confirm accusations so odious that they are almost rendered incredible by the whole tenor of his previous and subsequent career.

Among the numerous plotters against the life and throne of King William was Sir John Fenwick, a noted Jacobite. In the month of June 1696, his machinations were discovered, and he was seized at Romney, while endeavouring to escape to France, under the assumed name of Thomas Ward. He was first lodged in the Tower, and then committed to Newgate for trial. As soon as he was taken he wrote a letter in pencil to his wife, which was intercepted, and left no doubt of his guilt. In his examination before the Lords Justices this paper, to his dismay, was produced before him. He then offered to purchase pardon by a full disclosure of the plot, on condition that he should not be called upon as a

witness. His request being denied, he threw himself upon the king's mercy.

To prove his contrition he delivered to the Duke of Devonshire a written confession, containing vague accounts of Jacobite plots and projects, and obscure allusions to certain men of note in England who were implicated in them. He subsequently named the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Marlborough, and others of less account. Fenwick's information was not held sufficiently distinct or trustworthy to save him, and he was ordered for trial; but, from several causes, the prosecution was deferred. In the meantime Lady Fenwick contrived to get a witness named Goodman out of the way, leaving one only evidence against her husband, a Captain Porter. She endeavoured also to induce him to absent himself, but he disclosed the attempt to Government. She was, however, so far successful as to prevent a regular process in the Courts of Justice from the want of the evidence required by law.

Where the guilt was so obvious and of such magnitude, the offender could hardly be suffered

to escape even through the wide meshes of legal form. A bill of attainder was moved against Fenwick in the House of Commons, which proved the ground of a great party struggle. Many regarded the proceeding as a dangerous precedent, tending to override all law and justice; the whole influence of the Whig party could only carry it by a majority of twenty-three votes. The following week the bill was transmitted to the House of Lords; when in the course of the matter the papers criminating the Earl of Marlborough were read, he rose, and, half contemptuously, denied their truth; he had been aware of this impending accusation for some time, and attributed its origin to Lord Monmouth, whom he then called "the worst of men." The House accepted his denial, and stigmatised Fenwick's charges as calumnious. A tedious investigation and several stormy debates followed: Lord Monmouth spoke for two hours with peculiar vehemence, in favour of the bill, and it was carried at length by a majority of only seven, no less than forty-one peers protesting against it.

In the course of this discussion a new disclosure awakened, among those who gave it credit, disgust, astonishment, and horror. One of the most distinguished of the British Peers, one whose honour and chivalry had never before been questioned, was accused of a crime so dark and base, that no previous merit or subsequent success could efface its stigma. Charles, Earl of Monmouth, was accused of mean and vindictive subornation. The wife of Sir John Fenwick delivered to the House of Lords a paper of instructions, which she alleged had been sent to her husband by the Earl of Monmouth, through his cousin, the divorced Duchess of Norfolk. These instructions contained explicit directions to the accused how to conduct his defence, so as to implicate those against whom he had advanced charges. These charges were of the gravest character: he had asserted that the exiled king had assured him that the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lords Marlborough, Godolphin, and other men of note, were "reconciled" to him, and were now acting in his interests. Fenwick's sole

object in these accusations had been to gain time. He prayed to be examined before the Lords Justices, to whom, when questioned on oath, he told some further particulars. In the meanwhile, his wife had, as before mentioned, managed to get the most important witness out of the way. When, however, he found that his hope of escape was cut off by the bill of attainder, he refused to involve himself further in these accusations, and turned with dangerous venom upon Monmouth, who had become one of the most active of his assailants.

The real merits of this charge against Monmouth must always remain in doubt. The chief details which exist on the subject have been handed down by a hostile historian; and in a copy of Bishop Burnet's "History of my own Times," in the possession of the Peterborough family, there are to be seen many notes of indignant contradiction in the handwriting of the great Earl himself. That his guilt obtained general credence at the time, there can be no doubt. A motion was made and carried in the House of

Lords by Lady Fenwick's nephew, the Earl of Carlisle, to inquire into "any advice that might have been sent to Sir John Fenwick in relation to his discoveries." The Duchess of Norfolk was examined: she stated that Lord Monmouth had dictated to her all these schemes, and that she had handed them on to Fenwick. She added, that she had taken the precaution of placing a confidante to overhear and witness these proceedings, and accordingly produced a person who corroborated her statements. The Duchess also said that she had a letter in Monmouth's handwriting, containing a summary of all the papers which she asserted had been dictated by him: she did not, however, produce it.

In the meanwhile a book had been published in the name of a person called Smith, which also tended to involve the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earls of Marlborough, Orford, and others in the plot to assassinate the king; of this book Monmouth, assisted by Doctor Davenant, was accused of being the real author. Smith had been for some time in treaty with the Duke of Shrewsbury,

pretending that, under a promise of safety, he could reveal all the motions and designs of the Jacobites. He put forward many dark and ambiguous letters containing hints and scraps of stories, but no real discoveries. He placed a far higher value on his information than it deserved, and was perpetually pressing for more money, to enable him to pursue his inquiries. He was at length dismissed as useless, but with impunity, although enough had transpired to implicate him strongly as one of the would-be assassins. Smith, irritated at being thus slighted, went to Lord Monmouth, who was unfavourably disposed to the Duke, and complained of his important information having been wilfully neglected, to the great danger of the king's life, and of the state. He pretended that an accidental absence of the Duke from London two days before the intended assassination, was for the purpose of being out of the way during the murder. Monmouth entered into Smith's case with an earnestness that gives rise to the suspicion of hatred against Shrewsbury being as much a motive as zeal for the crown.

The letters were sealed up and kept in the hands of a Secretary of State during a temporary absence of the king. The matter then rested till Fenwick began to make discoveries, when he also accused the Duke of Shrewsbury: then it was that Monmouth was charged with the endeavour of inciting Fenwick to persevere in his accusations. The House of Commons voted this to be "a scandalous design to make a difference between the king and his best friends," and ordered the papers to be burned.

Upon the evidence of all these matters, Monmouth was held guilty; by a vote of the Peers he was deprived of all his employments, and sent to the Tower, where he was left till the end of the session. The king, however, evidently did not concur in this condemnation; he sent Bishop Burnet with a kind message to soften the censure, if not the punishment; this duty of conciliation the prelate willingly performed, as "he did not know what new scheme of confusion might have been opened by him [Lord Monmouth] in his own excuse." The Lords continued bitter against

him, and would have proceeded to the greatest lengths had it not been for the bishop's intercession, but the Court was resolved not to lose altogether the earl's valuable services and tried ability, and even made up secretly to him the losses which he had sustained.

The accusations thus brought against Monmouth were for doings not only cruel, mean, and unjust, but also incomprehensible; for, at the time when the subornation was alleged to have been attempted, Fenwick had already made an attempt to prove his charges against the Duke of Shrewsbury, and they had been voted scandalous by the Commons. The most probable solution of this dark affair is, that Monmouth was really persuaded by Smith of the truth of his accusations, and that he therefore endeavoured to shape Sir John Fenwick's charges into a corroboration of them. The latter made a merit of refusing to hearken to Monmouth's suggestions, and subsequently produced an effect by publishing and perhaps exaggerating them. On the other hand, there is little doubt that the haughty

noble was incensed at the failure of his attempt, and in consequence pressed on the attainder against Fenwick with more of private than public feeling: revenge for this hostility prompted the revelations of the accused.

It is not here meant in the slightest degree to excuse, or even to palliate, Monmouth's acknowledged share in the transaction, but simply to account for it. Too many of his actions and principles must be recorded, of which the defence would be impossible, even to the most partial and ingenious biographer.

The result of the foregoing transactions was, that Sir John Fenwick was executed by the authority of the bill of attainder. When on the scaffold he presented a paper, on which was inscribed a repetition of all his former accusations, and a declaration that they were founded upon sundry letters and messages which had been transmitted to France. He also stated that King William had been acquainted with all these facts prior to his information about them. One of the most remarkable characteristics of William of Orange was

the calm indifference with which he looked down upon the known treason of some among his new subjects. It is now well established that he was aware of an extensive correspondence having been carried on with the Stuarts, during the first years of his reign, by many of those in his employment and apparent confidence, but the real cause of his magnanimous forbearance towards them remains in doubt. Not only did he neglect to use the knowledge of this defection, for purposes of revenge and safety, but he frequently employed the guilty in places of trust and importance, and found no reason to repent of his confidence. His head was too wise to expect that a devoted and affectionate loyalty could spring up at once around the newly formed foundations of his throne, and his heart was too cold to regret its absence.

On the 19th of June, 1697, Henry, second Earl of Peterborough, died without male issue, when the title and a portion of the estates devolved upon his nephew, Charles, Earl of Monmouth. But by far the largest part of the

property went by the will of the deceased to his first cousin, only child and heiress of his uncle. She was at that time Duchess of Norfolk, but was subsequently divorced, and married Sir John Germaine. A long lawsuit followed; Peterborough endeavoured to gain possession of the lands which had for 300 years been held by the head of his noble house; especially the family residence Drayton, the alienation of which to the female line was a source of bitter annoyance. He failed, however, in the attempt, after having incurred considerable expense.

The inheritance, never of any great extent, had been much injured by the extravagance of the late possessor; Evelyn, who was concerned in the Earl's affairs, in his "Diary" repeatedly alludes to the embarrassments of the property. Those difficulties were not combated by any display of prudence in the heir; his liberality and his recklessness kept him perpetually poor, although he was not given to any particular ostentation or expense in his establishment. This accession of title and estate made no apparent alteration in

his position or prospects. For four subsequent years he passed his time in graceful indolence, in a limited but chosen society, gathering to his acquaintance the brightest spirits of the age. He cultivated elegant literature, and enriched his mind with many varied acquirements. Nor did he omit to extend his views and increase his information by the essential advantages of foreign travel. In these pursuits, and, it must be added, in others widely different, he withdrew for the time almost wholly from the turmoil of public life. It is true, indeed, that in letters to his friends he occasionally indulged in sarcastic remarks upon passing events. Writing to Mr. Locke, in September 1797, he sneers at "the generous knight-errantry of our admirals, who scorn to beat their enemies with odds of 9 to 5, being shameful advantage." And, in the following year, he left his retirement for a moment, to oppose again the East India Company's Bill; in this he closed a vigorous but unsuccessful struggle by a protest against the measure.

About this time he paid a memorable visit to

Fenelon, at the archiepiscopal palace at Cambray: even he could not but feel the charm of his host's benevolence and sweetness of temper, nor fail to admit the influence of that pure and powerful intellect. Oftentimes their conversation turned to that solemn subject upon which the brilliant sceptic loved to argue. His dexterous but shallow sophistry failed him under the strong hand of the Christian priest. He even acknowledged upon one occasion, to the Chevalier Ramsay, the extent to which he had been moved by the precept and example of Fenelon. "On my word," said he, "I must quit this place as soon as possible, for if I stay here another week I shall be a Christian in spite of myself."

In 1701 Peterborough reappears in political life. The impeachment of Lord Somers and others of the late Ministry, by the Commons, caused at this time a deep excitement in both Houses of Parliament. The Commons had sent up the bill of impeachment to the Lords, and subsequently voted an address to the Crown to remove the accused from the royal councils for

ever, on account of their having advised the Partition Treaty. The Lords resented this address as unusual and unjust, as being a condemnation before trial, and desired at once to proceed to an investigation. The Commons demanded delay, and moved that a committee of both Houses should be formed to arrange the preliminaries of trial. The Lords objected to this proposition as an interference with their right of trying members of their own body, and passed a vote to proceed at once to the trial of Lord Somers. No less than thirty-two peers, however, protested against this step, in language so strong that the protest was ordered to be expunged from the records of the House. Nevertheless, the trial was carried on, and a considerable majority of the Lords acquitted Lord Somers, as had been foreseen by the Commons, in what they called "a pretended trial, which could only tend to protect him from justice under colour of an acquittal." Peterborough took an active part in favour of the view taken by the House of Commons, and was one of the protestors among the peers; his eldest son,

the Lord Mordaunt, then just of age, and lately returned for Chippenham, was one of the committee of the Lower House for conducting the impeachment. The Earl's direst hostility had been aroused against the ministers who had sanctioned the Partition Treaty, and thus appeared to favour the hated designs of France.

Shortly after this affair Parliament was dissolved, and after a great deal of excitement in the country, a new House of Commons was returned somewhat more favourable to the King, and more than ever hostile to France. The Tory party, however, retained sufficient strength to elect their speaker, and to carry in their own favour the principal contested election petitions, matters in these days confessedly dependent on the strength of parties. One of the first acts of this majority was an attack upon Lord Peterborough in the month of February, 1702, for an alleged interference in the election of Colonel Park for the borough of Malmesbury. A petition had been lodged by some of the burgesses against the return, and in the course of the inquiry it was

asserted that Lord Peterborough had actively interfered. The Commons took up and resented this as an unconstitutional intrusion upon their rights. The accused peer claimed a hearing in his own defence, and was heard with all the usual ceremonies. The consequent proceedings of the House were more indicative of the strength of parties than of the weight of the evidence against Lord Peterborough. His friends moved to adjourn the House; and being beaten on that point moved to adjourn the debate, in which they were also overruled. Notwithstanding these delays, the House came to a resolution that "the Earl of Peterborough had been guilty of many indirect practices in endeavouring to secure the return of Colonel Park." On every one of these points the House divided, and the variance of the numbers in each division serves to show the agitations of the day. In the first, 156 voted against 76; in the second, 158 voted against 144; in the third, 141 to 56. By that time, however, it was very late, and many members had gone away.

In the meanwhile, Lord Peterborough had

managed not only to be reconciled to Marlborough, but to be admitted to his friendship, through the means of a correspondence which he had established with Lady Marlborough. That gifted man was now once again placed in a situation where his extraordinary powers could be called forth for his country's glory. He had been entrusted with the conduct of the negotiations for the grand alliance against France at the Hague in the latter part of the year 1700, and conducted them with signal success. While he was thus occupied, political events had crowded upon each other at home: there was a new Parliament, and a new ministry. Although the party to which Marlborough belonged was now no longer in power, the confidence of the King in him had largely increased. The politic forgiveness of his great servant's former offences was perhaps one of the wisest acts of William's life, and it was amply rewarded.

Then came the closing scene of the King's career. His health had been long sinking under a violent asthma; his infirmities were

rapidly increased by mental anxiety, from feuds at home and embarrassments abroad. He felt that death was at hand, and he met it with the same calm intrepidity which he had ever shown in the dangers of the council and the field. His end was hastened by a fall from his horse while hunting in the park at Hampton Court. But the energy of his mind for a time still bore up the failing vigour of life. His constitution struggled for several weeks against the shock, and the accelerated progress of decay. One last act still remained for him to perform for the completion of England's deliverance; the "Act of Abjuration" was brought to his deathbed for his assent and signature. Surrounded by statesmen and warriors, the eye of the eagle and the spirit of the eagle still remained with him; but the royal hand was already numbed by the approach of death, and it was with a stamp that he placed his name upon the scroll which for ever shut out the Popish line from England's throne. In a few hours afterwards he was dead. He died even greater than he had lived, sealing and bequeathing

as a legacy to coming ages the result of the long experience of his eventful journey through life, that after all "there is nothing good in power, but the power to do good."

CHAP. V.

THE last advice of William of Orange to his successor was, that Marlborough should be chosen as the fittest man in her dominions to lead her armies, direct her councils, and confirm her power. Events proved his profound judgment. Whatever may have been Marlborough's backslidings in the previous reign, in that of Queen Anne he religiously fulfilled the trust reposed in him by his sovereign and his country; and, more than any other man in Europe, he contributed to consolidate the great work of liberty, and to break the tyranny of France. With his rising fortunes Peterborough was now connected. Each of these singular men perceived in the other qualities of the highest order, but qualities essentially different. Marlborough was gifted with the capability of penetrating the characters of others, and of concealing his own. A calm, cold

self-possession and discretion, that were rarely or never found sleeping, were exercised by him upon all occasions. Peterborough was, on the contrary, a man of impulse; he was incapable of concealing the movements of his own mind, and too impetuous to search or consider those of others. Marlborough was keenly sensitive to the opinions of his fellow-men; in his treasons and in his victories, in his peculation and in his patriotism, he laboured to dress out each action of his life in seemly fashion for the public eye. His strange friend dared and bearded the opinion of others; he laughed at principles, and yet often acted as the soul of honour; he outraged all sense of religion and propriety in unbridled licence of speech, and yet led an army through a sanguinary war without the slightest imputation of injustice or cruelty from friend or foe. Marlborough gained and hoarded enormous wealth in the public service; Peterborough half ruined himself in fitting out an expedition, and in paying the troops out of his own pocket. But the solid and real character of the one has left its stamp for

good or evil upon great historic actions, while the deeds of the other scarcely rise above the brilliant but almost incredible adventures of an individual romance.

Peterborough's playful wit and graceful flattery had first secured the interest of Lady Marlborough; the acquaintance that ensued furnished her less impressible lord with an opportunity of discovering the singular capacity of this new ally, and gave rise to the notion of employing him for the service of the state. The death of William had transferred the royal power to a Queen who had been the dearest personal friend of Lady Marlborough, and the firmest supporter of her husband. A new chance now dawned for Peterborough's ardent, active, and aspiring mind. He earnestly solicited employment: almost immediately on the accession of Anne, in 1702, he was nominated lord lieutenant of Northamptonshire, and shortly afterwards governor-general of Jamaica, and commander-in-chief of the fleet and army about to be sent out, in pursuance of measures concerted between England and Holland,

to destroy some rich Spanish settlements in the West Indies. All particulars in connection with this appointment are obscure; it is not now known why he was selected for such high military and naval command when as yet he had had no opportunity of acquiring experience or displaying capacity in any responsible position; but, probably, the overpowering interest of his new friends obtained for him the first command of any kind that became vacant. This expedition was, however, abandoned in consequence of the necessity of augmenting the British troops in Flanders, and the Dutch squadron which was to have co-operated was sent home.

In a letter to Mr. Locke he announces the abandonment of the expedition with his usual sarcasm: —

"January 27. 1703.

"Had I not, with Mr. Locke, left off wondering at anything long ago, I might with surprise write this letter, and you receive it with amazement, when I let you know our American expedition has fallen, as a mushroom rises, in a single night. I had my orders to be aboard about the 16th: all my equipage and

servants gone, and on the 14th I was sent for to the Place of Wisdom to be asked this question, Whether I could effect with 3000 men that which I was to have attempted with more than double the number? I immediately confessed myself no worker of miracles, and being told that the States had desired the Dutch squadron and land forces might be employed upon other services, since the season was so far spent, and the winds contrary, I likewise desired they might excuse my going if the season was passed.

"I am sure this does not surprise you that I refused to go to the other world loaded with empty titles and deprived of force."

In January of the following year, 1703, he took a leading part in the long contest carried on between the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, on the subject of the "Bill for preventing occasional conformity." In consequence of his prominence in the matter he was selected as one of the "managers for the Lords at the free conference with the Commons." In November the same bill was again brought in by the High Church party, and was again discussed with great ability and zeal by the ablest men

of both sides. Peterborough spoke strongly against it as an insidious means of advancing Popery. His gifted but dissipated friend Lord Mohun followed in the same strain, saying, "If your Lordships pass this bill, you had as good tack the pretended Prince of Wales to it." Finally, the bill was brought in again and thrown out on the 15th of December. The Archbishop of York declared that he was "for so much of it as concerned the Church;" whereupon Peterborough replied, "I am glad to hear that learned prelate make a distinction between the ecclesiastical and political part of the bill, and I hope that all the Lords who are satisfied in their consciences, as his Grace seems to be, that this bill was framed for a temporal as well as a spiritual end, will vote against it." This able answer told forcibly upon those numerous peers who were jealous of any increase to the power of the Church, and the majority against the measure was decisive. However, Peterborough told his friend Swift that, "If I had the least suspicion the rejecting this bill would hurt the

Church, or do kindness to the Dissenters, I would lose my right hand rather than speak against it."

Meanwhile events were rapidly ripening for the great struggle of the "War of the Succession." The league against France, which William had fostered with his latest energies, had now gained a vitality that even his loss could not extinguish. The hatred of England raged against Lewis XIV. on account of his having acknowledged the Pretender to the British Crown, and the new Queen concurred in the feelings of the people. Marlborough and his Countess were now omnipotent at Court, and they were deeply pledged to the policy of war. It soon, therefore, became evident that the nation must gird itself up for one of the greatest military efforts that, before or since, it has ever attempted.

Two battle-fields lay open to the arms of England, the Low Countries and Spain. Upon the former, Marlborough gained his great and abiding glory, while upon the latter Peterborough played a part that, while it dazzled cotemporaries, and almost overtaxes the credulity of posterity,

yet left no more permanent impression on the romantic land of his achievements than the light and shadow of an April day. No broad comprehensive action gave impress to the military or political events of succeeding years; his greatest deeds were sudden and eccentric, solitary, unsupported, and almost inefficacious. Each of these remarkable men was however, in most respects, well qualified for the especial services that fell to their lot. Marlborough's commanding ability found full play in the great combinations of states and armies; while Peterborough's brilliant but unsteady genius revelled in the daring adventures and hazardous situations of a partisan leader.

But we must return, for a time, to trace up the progress of events. All Europe was convulsed by the disputed succession to the Crown of Spain. From the shores of the Baltic to the Pillars of Hercules the nations were ranged in two great confederacies, for and against the overshadowing strength of France. The power and splendour of the Bourbons now culminated in Lewis XIV.,

and the rich but dangerous prize of the Spanish monarchy lay at his feet. On his marriage to Maria Theresa, the sister of Charles II. of Spain, she had solemnly renounced her claims to the succession, which afterwards became her right. Notwithstanding the renunciation, this claim was soon revived and continually kept up. Lewis, at all times utterly regardless of his own engagements where his interests were concerned, attached little importance to those of his Queen. Charles, his brother-in-law, although twice married, had no issue, and by the laws of succession then existing in Spain the descendants of his sisters became heirs to the throne. The young Prince of Bavaria was the first of these, but death soon removed him from the list of claimants. Two others now shared the field between them, Philip, Duke of Anjou, younger grandson of Lewis, and the Archduke Charles, second son of Leopold, Emperor of Austria.

The King of Spain's feeble constitution was yielding fast to disease and anxiety; for a long time he hesitated to name a successor to the

magnificent empire, the throne of which he knew he must soon vacate. He, however, determined to secure, as far as lay in his power, the integrity and independence of his dominions. The Courts of Europe looked on with deep interest at the varying chances of the game; all were more or less concerned in its result. Some dreaded equally the overbalancing power which the success of either party would create, others cherished a malignant hope that the inheritance of Charles should go to wreck, that they might be enriched by the waifs which must float to shore. Lewis encouraged the expectations of these last, the better to conceal his own views of gigantic aggrandisement, and that he might, in case of the failure of his grandson, at least secure his share of the dominions of Spain should they be dismembered. He, therefore, had proposed and accomplished a "Treaty of Partition" with the Dutch States and William III. of England, by which the Archduke Charles was to be acknowledged as the successor to the Crowns of Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands; while the Dauphin, as

eldest son of Maria Theresa, should receive the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, with the Spanish province of Guipuscoa and the Duchy of Milan, in compensation for his abandonment of other claims.

When the conditions of this treaty became known, they inspired general indignation and alarm, especially among the inhabitants of those countries which had been thus arbitrarily allotted. Lewis managed to turn the storm of anger from himself to the other powers which had co-operated with him. Even the weak, and now dying Charles, was roused to some sense of the insult to his dignity, and to the danger that threatened his dominions: he suddenly broke off all diplomatic relations with England and Holland, and dismissed their ministers from his Court. He then turned, even more anxiously than before, to seek a fitting successor for the unbroken inheritance. Jealousy of the House of Bourbon inclined him strongly towards the Austrian claimant, but the Emperor Leopold failed to improve this favourable impression: he disgusted the Spaniards by an

unconcealed desire to share himself in the spoils of their dismembered empire, and he was injudicious enough to entrust the management of his diplomacy at Madrid to Count Harrach, a person whose manners were eminently unpleasing. Lewis, on the contrary, was represented by the Duke of Harcourt, a man of great judgment and unbounded popularity.

But by far the most powerful advocate for the Bourbon cause was Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo. His unscrupulous genius was fertile in expedients to influence the distracted mind of the dying king. He argued that the grandson of Maria Theresa could not be bound by her renunciation, and also that it had only been made with a view to keep separate the French and Spanish monarchies, a condition that the succession of a younger son of France would as well fulfil. He called all the terrors and promises of religion to his aid, and represented it as a matter of conscience, and vital to Charles's salvation, to decide in favour of him whom he pointed out as the rightful heir. The Cardinal at length

prevailed: Charles, a month before his death, dictated and signed the testament that declared Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of his brother-in-law Lewis XIV., sole heir of the Spanish empire. "I am now already nothing," said he, when his will was completed; its contents were, however, kept secret while he survived.

After a slight pretence of refusing to violate the Partition Treaty, Lewis accepted the bequest in favour of his grandson. The heir was then only seventeen years of age, a weak, pliant, and amiable youth, free from prominent vices, and unadorned by prominent virtues. The Spanish people received him with unhesitating obedience to the deceased king's will, and rejoiced at the prospect of a rule that would at least have the merit of being different from that under which they had so long withered. They also were led by the agents of Lewis to believe, that their empire was secured from partition by the accession of Philip to the throne. The new king was, therefore, proclaimed in peace, and almost with enthusiasm, in the principal cities of Spain, and of her dependencies.

But abroad it was widely different. England, Holland, and the Empire, were indignant at broken treaties and shameless falsehoods. The two former, however, being at the time unprepared for war, professed to entertain the proferred explanations of Lewis, although prompted to hostility by even stronger feelings than indignation — by fear of the enormous increase of power which had accrued to France, and now probably to be unsparingly used for the subversion of the general liberties of Europe. But Austria, baffled and out-manœuvred in the cabinet, determined to retrieve her lost rights by force of arms. The Emperor's ambassador left Madrid, protesting against the authenticity of the will, and even against the power of the testator to make such a disposition. Large bodies of troops under Prince Eugene were directed upon Italy, with a view to secure the duchy of Milan, and active German agents stimulated the Neapolitans to revolt.

For a time the young king carried with him the hearts of the Spanish people; his prepossess-

ing appearance and amiable manners alone, however, soon proved insufficient to retain their affections. Cardinal Portocarrero exercised the real power of the state: all those who had not supported him were deprived of office, and his friends installed in their places. His over-bearing, and at the same time sarcastic, temper offended the haughty nation even more than his arbitrary conduct; while his avarice and his shameless corruption, afforded ample opportunities for his enemies to increase his unpopularity. But above all he was supposed to be the tool of Lewis XIV., and to represent that policy which had for its object the dismemberment of the Spanish monarchy and the aggrandisement of France. The irritable jealousy of the people became excited, and they were soon led to turn their hopes towards the House of Austria.

In the pursuit of these designs, Lewis was injudicious enough to alarm the suspicions of Portocarrero. The Cardinal, although probably cold to the national honour and interest, was roused to anger by the interference of French

agents with his own measures of government: he soon turned against Lewis those weapons of intrigue which had been so powerful before in his favour. With deep dissimulation he appeared to increase in his devotion to France, referring even the smallest details of public business to Paris for approbation, with the double view of disgusting Lewis with the government of Spain, and of disgusting the Spanish people at the apparently minute interference of Lewis.

The first proof of the alienation of the Spaniards from their young king, was a general demand from all parties for the convocation of the national assembly of the Cortes. This Philip did not venture either to grant or openly refuse: he therefore deferred the convocation till his return from a journey into Catalonia, where he was to meet his destined bride, Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Savoy. On his way through Aragon he was well received by the people of that province, but among the Catalans he found the disposition widely different. Their feelings were strongly interested for the German

succession: Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt had been their viceroy, until removed by Porto-carrero on Philip's accession: he had won their hearts more by his courage and honesty than by his abilities: on his departure from Barcelona he had declared to the friendly crowds that had assembled to bid him farewell, "I shall soon return and bring with me another king of Spain." These words had been treasured among the Catalans, who were as yet unreconciled to the sovereignty of Castile.

But Philip had now gained an ally more powerful than even the King of France. His young bride soon became the darling of the Spanish people; the beautiful child of fourteen years rapidly bloomed into the graceful and gifted woman; her weak but amiable husband loved her with a devoted fondness, and leaned upon her more powerful intellect for support. She with almost unexampled excellence rose superior to the temptations which surrounded her: uncorrupted by admiration, unspoilt by dependent affection, she accepted power only that she might

use it for the benefit of those over whom it was exercised. Throughout all the changes of the storm that then raged over Spain, her hold upon the respect and affections of the people was never shaken, and a foreign witness has recorded, that years after her death the mere mention of her name almost caused tears to flow.

Europe was now overshadowed by the united power of France and Spain. The former, already, even alone, too powerful for the general liberty, wielded in addition the resources of that nation which had for so long balanced the scale against her. Smaller states meekly submitted to encroachments which they dared not oppose. Even England seemed more inclined to seek the alliance than to dare the enmity of this colossal power: the feelings of her king were, however, widely different; hatred of France had been ever his ruling passion, if the term passion may be applied to any principle of his exalted, but cold and impassive, nature. His hostility had increased with her strength. Her late enormous aggrandisement had only supplied him with new reasons to

accelerate the struggle which he foresaw, but feared not. It was true that his first attempt to form a confederacy against Lewis had been thwarted, as much by the indisposition of his own subjects, as by the apprehensions of foreign powers. He had then acknowledged the new King of Spain, and waited patiently till the surely anticipated encroachments of France should unite those who suffered, and those who feared, in a common resistance.

Within a few months, the designs of Lewis became as evident as William could have wished. The trading interests of England and Holland were assailed, while the French armies gathered ominously on the Flemish frontier. The people of the aggrieved and threatened countries were aroused to an indignation that overcame even their fears, and they gradually began to consider war itself as a lesser evil than submission to spoliation. The English King exerted himself to the utmost to strengthen and direct this rising spirit, and at length succeeded in framing the "Grand Alliance" of England, Austria, and the

States General, against France. The professed objects of this combination were to exclude Lewis from the Netherlands and the West Indies, and to prevent the union of the Crowns of France and Spain upon the same head. A new and most powerful stimulus was now given to the war party in England. As has been before stated, James, the ex-king, died, and Lewis immediately acknowledged his son as King of England. In the first heat of popular anger at this deliberate insult, King William had wisely dissolved the Parliament, and thrown himself with full confidence upon the results of a general election. The returns were favourable to his wishes; the new House of Commons approved of the Grand Alliance, and voted liberal supplies. They then passed the act of abjuration against the Stuarts, which William had just lived to complete. The impulse which he had given to the policy of the Alliance survived him. The Dutch and English prepared for war; the Emperor of Austria roused his indolent spirit to action, and prevailed upon nearly all the

German Princes to join him in a declaration of war against France.

Queen Anne, on her accession, implicitly followed the will of her people, and continued her preparations for the approaching struggle. On the 5th of May, 1792, a joint declaration was simultaneously promulgated against Lewis, by England, Austria, and Holland.

LIBRARY OF THE LONDON BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAP. VI.

THE first expedition of the allies augured ill for their success. King William had during his life strongly recommended an attack upon Cadiz, as the deadliest blow against the French party in Spain. Its insulated position, and accessibility to fleets, rendered it the most convenient place for organising and supporting an insurrection of the discontented among the Spaniards, while, as the great depôt of the American trade, its possession was of vital importance to the government of Madrid. These reasons were held convincing even after the death of him who had urged them. A combined fleet of thirty English and twenty Dutch ships of war, with a number of smaller vessels, amounting in all to 160 sail, was assembled under Sir George Rooke: 14,000 troops were embarked under Sir Henry Bellasis and the

Dutch general Sparre, while the command in chief of the expedition was entrusted to the Duke of Ormond. All these appointments proved eminently injudicious.

At Lisbon the fleet was joined by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who had been there employed in an unsuccessful attempt to induce the Portuguese to join in active operations. He had strongly recommended the expedition against Cadiz, and represented the disposition of the people in a favourable light. The result, however, proved that he had been deceived in his hopes of co-operation by the Spaniards, and his assistance proved of little value to the allies.

Don Francisco del Castillo, Marquis of Villadarias, one of the best and bravest officers of Spain, commanded in the Isla de Leon. His resources were wretchedly incompetent to meet the emergency, but his energy and talent supplied all deficiencies. He inspired others with the loyalty and confidence which he himself felt. The rich merchants of Cadiz, and of the neighbouring cities, contributed liberally to the defence

of their country, and the peasantry enrolled themselves by thousands as volunteers.

After long and discordant councils, the allied troops were landed, on the 26th of August, in the Bay of Toros; the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt was the first who set foot on shore. "I swore to reach Madrid through Catalonia," cried he, as he touched the land, "I will now reach Catalonia through Madrid."

The allied troops immediately began to plunder and ransack the little town of Rota in the most disgraceful manner, destroying everything of value which they could not carry away, and even desecrating the churches. In these vile excesses, officers and men seem to have been equally culpable; the General, Sir Henry Bellasis, was subsequently dismissed from the service for peculation. Had any favourable disposition existed on the part of the Spaniards, these acts of rapacity, and the weakness that evidently characterised the military conduct of the allies, would have destroyed it.

Meanwhile, the troops of the expedition suffered

severely from the climate, and from the harassing activity of Villadarias. An attempt of the British ships to force the entrance of the harbour proved unsuccessful. There was no symptom of the promised insurrection in their favour. A council of war was held to consider the state of affairs, and it was therein determined to abandon the enterprise. The troops were accordingly re-embarked with some loss; and, "with a great deal of plunder and of infamy," they sailed from Cadiz on the 30th of September.

An opportunity, however, soon afterwards offered to the allies for inflicting a severe blow upon the enemy, and, at the same time, of very much benefiting themselves. The fleet of Spanish galleons from the New World being shut out from Cadiz, had run into Vigo Bay, where they arrived on the 22nd of September, with their convoy of French and Spanish war-ships, under the command of the Count de Château Rénault and Don Manuel de Velasco. This news was carried to the allies, and filled them with joy. They immediately crowded all sail to the North,

in search of the splendid prize, leaving behind, without regret, the grim and well-defended battlements of the Isla de Leon. But the winds did not second their ardour; for weeks they were tantalised by a gale, that ever blew from the quarter which they longed to reach. Spanish procrastination, however, proved more enduring than the opposing elements; delays arising from formalities kept the greater part of the rich cargoes still on board the vessels.

On the 22nd of October, the allied fleet reached Vigo; 2000 men under the Duke of Ormond himself landed, overcame a brave but useless resistance, and succeeded in capturing nine of the galleons, and six of the ships of war: the rest were destroyed by order of the French and Spanish admirals. The conquerors gained a booty of nearly 4,000,000 dollars, and more than as much again in value was sunk or destroyed in the struggle. The material injury inflicted upon the cause of Philip by this blow was very great, but the moral injury to the cause of the allies was infinitely greater. Numbers of Spanish merchants

suffered severely, and the nation contemptuously contrasted the vigour and audacity of the invaders in their attack upon the treasure ships, with their weakness and caution before the walls of Cadiz.

When the action was over, the Duke of Ormond proposed to carry the town of Vigo and winter in Spain; the admiral objected, and finally, on the 31st of October, the troops re-embarked, and the fleet sailed for England. Strange as it now appears, the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, conveyed in terms of absurdly exaggerated panegyric, for their achievements in this expedition; and the 12th of November was set apart as a solemn day of thanksgiving for the successes of the campaign. True it is that in those days the British nation was little spoilt by naval or military victories. The shameful misconduct of many officers had necessitated a resort to the severest punishments. In that year, 1702, Admiral Sir John Munden was cashiered for treachery or cowardice on the coast of Spain, and

four captains of ships in the gallant Benbow's West Indian fleet were either dismissed or shot for refusing to meet the enemy, and for abandoning their chief.

In the year 1703, little or nothing was attempted by the allies on the side of Spain. It is true that a powerful fleet, under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, was despatched to Lisbon about the end of July, to encourage and protect the King of Portugal, and, if possible, to make a descent upon Spain, and test the feelings of the Spaniards towards the House of Austria. After some time he landed a small force at Altea, in Valencia; but met there with so little encouragement that he re-embarked his troops, and nothing further occurred worth recording. But, at the same time, another work of far greater importance was proceeding. An alliance, offensive and defensive, was negotiated and concluded at Lisbon on the 16th of May, between the Emperor of Germany, the Queen of England, the King of Portugal, and the States-General. In September, the Archduke Charles was publicly proclaimed King

of Spain at Vienna, and soon after he set out from thence to go by way of Holland and England into Portugal. He started on this expedition to gain a kingdom in extreme poverty; he was forced to raise a small sum of money at the Hague for urgent necessities by pawning his jewels. In England, however, he was received with royal honours, and was entertained as a king by Queen Anne at Windsor.

On his arrival at Spithead, on the 26th of September, 1703, the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Somerset, went on board his ship, and delivered him "a compliment," and a letter from Queen Anne, informing him that she "had come to Windsor Castle, in order that he might more conveniently pay her the visit he had given her reason to hope for." As the Duke of Somerset occasionally resided at Petworth, his place near the coast, he invited Charles to remain until the Prince Consort arrived to escort him to the presence of Queen Anne.

Prince George of Denmark set out for Petworth from Windsor Castle on the 27th of

December, expecting to complete his journey in a few hours, the distance being only forty miles. The roads, however, in that then wild country, proved almost impassable. He was no less than fourteen hours on the road, and six of them were consumed in the passage of the last quarter of the journey. "This was the more singular," naïvely observes a Danish gentleman, who describes the expedition as an eye-witness, "since the Prince made not any stop upon the road, excepting when his coach was overthrown, or stuck in the mud." Fortunately for the sake of a proper reception, the King of Spain had been also frequently upset and stuck in the mud on his side, and finally arrived at the same hour of the night as Prince George. The following day they rested themselves after their uneasy travel, and on the 29th made a tolerably favourable journey to Windsor, having only had three upsets; they were, however, late enough in their arrival to be received by torchlight. The lordly domestics of the court received the King of Spain with great ceremony, and the high chamberlain lighted him up the

stairs, to the top of which Queen Anne came in person to welcome him.

A long and ludicrous detail is given of the cumbersome ceremonies which the wearied traveller had to undergo before he got his supper, and afterwards, before he was permitted to retire to rest. The following was a day of more public formality. Many ladies of high rank were presented to King Charles by the Queen, all of whom he kissed with royal frigidity. But his best efforts to create a favourable impression were concentrated upon the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the powerful military chief, and the still more powerful royal favourite. To the husband he presented his sword with the touching expression, "I have nothing worthier of your acceptance; I am a poor prince, I have little more than my sword and mantle." To the Duchess, however, he found an opportunity of giving, with much grace and tact, a superb diamond ring. The next day Charles gladly escaped from his splendid but wearisome visit, and returned to Portsmouth by the way of Petworth, the Duke of Somerset accompanying him.

During this brief visit, the King of Spain neither saw, nor was seen, by the English people. The Queen, Prince George, and the great officers of state, could alone judge of him; but the rumour went abroad that he was odd and dull; and Dr. Garth, a satirical poet belonging to the party which made such vast efforts to win this prince his crown, alludes to him in the following sneering couplet: —

> "An Austrian prince alone,
> Is fit to nod upon the Spanish throne."

Nevertheless, Queen Anne wrote an order in her own hand to Sir George Rooke, commanding the fleet at Portsmouth, to place all available ships immediately at Charles' service, and to direct him to "pay the same obedience to the King of Spain, as to the time and manner of his setting sail, and as to the number of ships which shall be in readiness to attend him, as you would do to myself." And thus began a series of vast efforts by the English crown to push the cause of an useless ally, in an undertaking of but little real moment to the people; and thus continued the accumulation of debt which William had com-

menced by his wars for alien interests, and which his successors have diligently increased.

After this formal recognition by his powerful ally, Charles re-embarked for Lisbon. His voyage was unpropitious; after a fortnight's tossing about in the Bay of Biscay, he was obliged to return to Portsmouth; but finally, on the 25th of February, he reached Lisbon, where he was received with the highest distinction. Great were the expectations raised by the expedition of Charles to Spain, and great was the disappointment at the result. An address which he published to the Spanish people met with but a cold reception. He invited his subjects to his assistance without success; the cause of his opponents seemed rather strengthened than injured by his proximity to those dominions which he claimed as his rightful heritage.

CHAP. VII.

In May 1704 the allies made an attempt upon the important city of Barcelona: Sir George Rooke commanded the fleet, and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt accompanied the expedition. The Prince was impressed with the idea that the favourable disposition of the warlike Catalans towards himself would be actively manifested if he were to succeed in gaining possession of their capital. He had many friends within the walls; and a well-concerted plan, by which the town was to be given up to him, was only discovered and thwarted on the eve of its execution: 2500 men of the allied force had actually landed, but the garrison being then on the alert, they were re-embarked, and the fleet departed. The conquest of this important place remained to be effected in the following year by Lord Peterborough through

one of the most daring enterprises of that or any other age.

On the side of Portugal, the French cause was in the ascendant. Philip of Anjou carried all before him with the aid of the gallant and veteran Duke of Berwick. This distinguished Englishman was the son of James II. and of Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough; a foreign education, and the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, had estranged him from his country in early youth, and, afterwards, the dethronement of his father rendered him its irreconcilable enemy. In the French service he rose to the highest rank by his own unaided courage and ability, and won the confidence of Lewis XIV. He was at the same time ambitious, generous, cold, and severe; he was more respected than loved, which he little regretted, as he said of himself in his memoirs, that he "never looked on any one as a friend or as an enemy but for the good of the service."

Many towns fell into the hands of this able general, while the small force of English and

Dutch under the Duke of Schomberg, but little assisted by the Portuguese, and mismanaged by their incapable chief, fell back with heavy loss. Finally, the surrender of Castel de Vida, with its partly British garrison, to the Marquis of Villadarias, pointed out the necessity of a change in the conduct of the war, and the Duke of Schomberg was superseded in the command of the English troops by the Earl of Galway. The new general was a French refugee in the British service, De Roubigny by name, who had risen to high civil and military rank in his adopted country; he was thoroughly versed in the routine of his profession, but was little gifted with natural ability; he was, however, esteemed a trustworthy, steady general, and in due time "proceeded, with all decency, decorum, and formal attention to the discipline of war, to lose the battle of Almanza, and to ruin the whole expedition to Spain."

This year was made memorable by the taking of Gibraltar. The fleet under Sir George Rooke, with a small land force under the Prince of

Hesse, appeared suddenly before that fortress on the 21st of July, and, after some severe fighting, received the capitulation of the Spanish governor on the 24th. This was the first real footing established in Spain, and proved of great importance during the rest of the war: it now remains as the only memorial of the vast expense of blood and treasure that England lavished in this otherwise fruitless strife. A sanguinary and indecisive sea-fight off the coast of Malaga appeared to counterbalance this success; and Sir George Rooke, the admiral-in-chief, was removed in consequence from the command of the fleet.

The French and Spaniards now directed all their efforts to retake Gibraltar, first under Villadarias, afterwards under the Marshal de Tessé, who arrived with reinforcements to the besiegers, and prosecuted the attack with great vigour and courage. The garrison, under the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, were, however, equally determined, and succeeded in holding out till relieved by the English fleet, now under Sir George Leake. Meanwhile the concentration of

the Spanish troops upon this siege lightened the pressure upon the King of Portugal, and enabled him to assume the offensive. Accordingly, his army, with the British and Dutch allies, passed the frontiers of Beira and the Alemtejo, and invaded Spain with some success.

The sketch of the foregoing three tedious and uneventful campaigns finds a place in this memoir, as being, in a great degree, necessary for the illustration of the part which the Earl of Peterborough is now about to act upon the stage of Spain. He had throughout been an ardent advocate for the war; from no particular regard for the cause of Austria, or for the rights of the Archduke Charles, but from a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to France, as the stronghold of Popery, and as the dire enemy of European liberty.

Already three campaigns and part of a fourth had been carried on since the commencement of the war, and nothing of any real importance was effected in Spain, beyond the capture and defence of Gibraltar. The south was evidently ill-affected

to the House of Austria; the Portuguese were cold and indifferent to the cause; Schomberg with his stiff precision, and Lord Galway with his military conventionality, had alike failed in giving life to the operations of the allies. While Europe rang with the successes of our arms in the Low Countries, the presence of a British force in the Peninsula was only witnessed by apologetic despatches, and constant demands for reinforcements and supplies.

In spite of this untoward state of affairs in Spain, the splendid victory of Blenheim had inflicted a blow upon the French cause that told forcibly upon the fortunes of Philip. For the first time, the power and ambition of his grandfather had received a decided check. France was now called upon to provide for the defence of her own frontiers, and could no longer spare the same resources for the Spanish quarrel. Her partisans in the Peninsula were therefore obliged chiefly to trust to themselves and to the Spanish people. On the other hand, the Austrian party gained new life and hope from the weakness of their

opponents, and their ranks were recruited by many of those who in all nations ever bow to the ascending star.

In the great northern provinces of Aragon and Catalonia especially, the cause of the Archduke Charles rapidly advanced in favour. The late union of their crowns with that of Castile had been as yet but little consolidated. A dangerous jealousy existed between them. The Castilians were ardent supporters of Philip, and that in itself was sufficient motive for the opposition of the north. No efforts were spared by the leaders on either side to attract the people to their cause: those in the interest of Charles strove to arouse the old jealousy of independence and of national hostility to France; while the Bourbonists endeavoured to strengthen the wavering loyalty by various expedients, among which is mentioned the issue of a medal stamped with the likeness of Charles, and bearing the motto "Charles the Third, by the grace of the Heretics, the Catholic King."

The English ministry had not failed to observe

the favourable indications among the Spanish people. To test more closely their disposition, an intelligent agent had been despatched to the north-east of the Peninsula in the summer of 1704, whose report confirmed the hopes previously formed. Every effort was then made to stir up the disaffected to action, and the aid of an English fleet and army was promised upon the Mediterranean shore.

In accordance with this promise, an armament was ordered to assemble at Spithead early in the year 1705: and, as we have seen, the ministry, by a singular piece of good fortune, named the Earl of Peterborough to the command of the troops, and to the joint command of the fleet; in the latter duty was associated with him Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who had fought by his side at Tangier eight-and-twenty years before. Happily for the arms of England, since the accession of Queen Anne Peterborough's star had ascended rapidly. On the 27th of March, 1705, he was sworn of Queen Anne's privy council; and his son, a very gallant young officer, was shortly afterwards promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

Peterborough was now in the very height of his favour with the all-powerful Duchess of Marlborough; at this time many letters from him to the latter figure in her Grace's correspondence, most of them couched in language of extravagant compliment and gratitude for the favour of her patronage. In March, 1705, he writes, on account of having been nominated to the command of the Spanish expedition through her and her husband's influence, "It will be my highest object to retain the good opinion you have honoured me with. I practise the highest self-denial in not intruding on your time in calling." Again he writes in July, "Have a care of yourself, madam, for the good of us all; and may no transports of joy or grief ever affect the health of one who contributes so much to a general happiness." This very high-flown compliment was not, however, long effectual in securing the good-will of the sharp-witted Duchess; she subsequently endorses it in her collection,—"This lord made speeches against the Duke of Marlborough in Parliament, where he served my Lord

Oxford's Abigail [Mrs. Masham], and since the queen's death [Queen Anne's] he comes and talks with me as if he had always been in our interest and in our opinion."

The appointment of Lord Peterborough, comparatively an untried man either in land or sea-service, to this arduous command, seems not a little extraordinary. True it is that he was already well known in social and political life as a man of great and varied acquirements, and brilliant natural ability; neither was it forgotten that many years previously he had distinguished himself while in subordinate capacities in both naval and military actions. But he had never before had opportunity for the display of his powers as a commander; and those social and political capabilities for which he was already so conspicuous, were apparently rather of a nature to unfit him for the direction of a wild and hazardous adventure, such as that for which he was now destined.

The military service, seldom very popular in England, was in those days eminently distasteful to the classes from which the rank and file are

usually recruited. There was not much in the soldier's life to tempt any one who had other means of procuring a livelihood. Their comforts and feelings were but little consulted, their pay was miserably small, and their flags were then unadorned by the crowded records of victories which now inspire emulation of like glory; without wealth or courtly influence, promotion was all but hopeless; then, far more even than in later years, they fought "under the cold shade of aristocracy." When at home, they were crowded into insufficient and often unhealthy barracks; when embarked, their transports afforded scarcely more of convenience or comfort, and far less of safety, than a slave-ship. Discipline was capricious and irregular, while it was harsh and despotic; military law a terror and restraint, without being a protection or security for their few and humble rights. In the camps and garrisons of England, they were looked down upon as the lowest order of the community; and in the cantonments and battle-fields of the Continent, their undeniable valour had scarcely yet

sufficed to fight its way to respect, through the incapacity and unworthiness of their courtier generals. Marlborough's splendid victories had hardly had time to raise the morale and confidence of those portions of the army not under his own immediate command; while he conquered, Schomberg retreated, and Lord Galway barely held his own.

In consequence of the general disinclination to serve, many strange expedients were tried to recruit the ranks of the army. An open conscription was not attempted, but "pressing" was carried on to a great extent among those who were too poor or friendless to defend themselves. Although this impressment had been held as a very great grievance before the Revolution, both Whigs and Tories now agreed in promoting an Act of Parliament which legalised it in a form most oppressive to the humber classes. Justices of the peace were empowered to impress such men as they saw fit, for the land service, with the only restriction that their victims should not be entitled to vote for members of Parliament.

It may be well imagined what an instrument of tyranny this power might become in the hands of a village despot; any one that withstood his will was liable to a fate regarded with little less horror than that of a convicted felon. Even this odious power —odious, although entrusted to men who in the main were honest and respectable—was insufficient to supply the required recruits; and soon after an Act was passed to discharge out of prison such insolvent debtors as should serve, or procure others to serve, in Her Majesty's fleets or armies. It is also notorious that criminals of every description were frequently allowed this hardly desired commutation of their sentence.

The British troops that formed Lord Peterborough's force were nearly all raw and undisciplined; they numbered between three and four thousand: to these were added a brigade of Dutchmen, that increased the strength of the little army to nearly five thousand. But this force, small as it was, was almost destitute of the equipments and supplies necessary for its efficiency. The Government either could not, or

would not, furnish the required funds; and, despite the earnest remonstrances of the chief, they departed from England with nothing but his energy and ability to depend upon. He spared nothing that his private means could procure to remedy these defects, and even did not hesitate to involve himself in considerable pecuniary embarrassments for the public service.

On the 22nd of May the expedition sailed from Spithead for St. Helens, where they were joined the day after by Lord Peterborough, who embarked with his suite on board the admiral's ship. On the 24th they proceeded to Lisbon, where they arrived on the 20th of June, and awaited the arrival of the Dutch fleet under Admiral Allemonde, which also entered the river on the 27th. Peterborough had landed immediately on his arrival, and turned all his energies to obtain those supplies which had been denied to him at home. After much difficulty he succeeded in borrowing 100,000*l.* from a Jew named Curtisos on Treasury bills upon Lord Godolphin, with the somewhat desperate condition that the lender

should be given the contract for the supply of provisions and other requisites to the army.

The Earl of Galway, and the other allied chiefs, were now assembled at Lisbon, under the Archduke Charles, to concert measures for the general conduct of the war. Several councils were held as to the destination of the fleet. Peterborough's orders were sufficiently vague, to leave nearly everything to his discretion. He was indeed recommended to prevail upon the Archduke Charles to accompany him, and to proceed to Italy, where he was to form a junction with Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, then sorely pressed by the armies of France. This plan was at first warmly espoused by Queen Anne, who subsequently, however, despatched a messenger to the fleet to order it to the coast of Catalonia "to make a vigorous push in Spain," in consequence of information which had been sent to the British court of the favourable disposition of the Catalans. This order was far from being pleasing to Lord Peterborough.

In the mean time the Prince of Hesse Darm-

stadt arrived from Gibraltar, and also strongly urged to the council the advantages of another descent on Valencia and Catalonia. He dwelt with force upon the inclination of the inhabitants to the House of Austria, and upon the powerful personal influence over them which he himself possessed. His recent success in the capture and subsequent defence of Gibraltar gave weight to his words, and had almost effaced the recollection of his failure before Barcelona in the preceding year.

The final decision rested in a great measure with the Archduke Charles. He was raised to hope by these assurances of support on the Mediterranean coast, and had even a stronger motive in hearkening to the counsel of the Prince of Hesse in his anxiety to get away from Portugal, where his position was "doubtful and melancholy." He therefore resolved to cast in his lot with Lord Peterborough, despite the vehement remonstrances of several of his Spanish followers, and to test the disposition of his Valencian and Catalonian subjects. This decision was heartily

approved by the English chief, although the royal presence in his fleet could not be otherwise than a restraint upon his actions, and was attended by great personal inconvenience and expense to him. It was not long before he had strong reasons for regretting the presence of his royal guest, from its hampering effect upon the cause of the allies.

The reasons for Peterborough's ultimate concurrence in the determination of moving towards Barcelona, are best explained by the following extract of a despatch which he addressed to Sir George Rooke on the 20th of July, 1705. "Upon the letter of my Lord Godolphin and the Secretary of State, the King of Spain, his ministers, and my Lord Galway and myself, have concluded there was no other attempt to be made but upon Catalonia, where all advices agree that six thousand men and twelve hundred horse are ready expecting our arrival, with a general good will of all the people.

"The Portuguese have entirely refused to join in any design against Cadiz, and by a copy of my

Lord Galway's letter, writ when under sail, you will find he is in an utter despair of their attempting anything this year; so that by our instructions it will appear that there is no other enterprise left for our choice."

Peterborough prevailed upon Lord Galway to give him the better part of Lord Raby's and General Cunningham's regiments of English dragoons, not however without great difficulty, and a violent opposition from the Portuguese; he also obtained for them a partial remount of horses with some of the money he had procured from Curtisos. The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt was then despatched to Gibraltar to put in readiness a portion of the garrison which was to accompany the expedition. These dispositions being made, the Archduke Charles embarked with Lord Peterborough on board the Ranelagh. On the 28th of July they put to sea, and were joined off Tangier by the squadron under Sir Cloudesley Shovel; in a few days they reached the Bay of Gibraltar. Here a most important addition was made to the strength of the army: one battalion

of the English guards, together with three other veteran regiments that had borne part in the gallant defence of the fortress, were taken on board the fleet; and their place in the garrison was occupied by two of the newly raised corps which had been brought from England. In this friendly port, Charles III. was received with royal honours as the lawful sovereign of Spain. Urged, however, by the active spirit of Lord Peterborough, he made no further delay than was absolutely necessary to complete these arrangements; and, having taken the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt on board on the 5th of August, they again put to sea. They were for some little time harassed by contrary winds, and made but small progress. On the 7th, however, they doubled Cape Gatta, and on the 11th came to anchor at the mouth of the river Guadalavia, in Altea Bay, on the Valencian coast. This place, of little importance in itself except as a safe anchorage, was however near the populous and beautiful capital of the province. On the other side of the roadstead stood the castle and village of Denia.

The expedition was received with good will by the Valencians; they hated the ascendancy of France at Madrid, and the ancient jealousy of Castile was still strong among them. Here the partisans of Austria were more numerous than in any other part of Spain, except perhaps in Catalonia. Peterborough did not fail to stimulate to the utmost of his power their favourable disposition: as soon as the fleet anchored, he caused a manifesto to be dispersed among the people, in which he disclaimed any design of aggrandisement on the part of Great Britain and her allies, or any intention of injuring the persons or property of Spaniards who were the lawful subjects of King Charles III. "We come," continued he, "to free you from the insupportable yoke of a government of foreigners, and from the slavery to which you have been reduced and sold to France, by ill-designing persons."

Several of the Spanish followers of Charles were also landed here to encourage the people; the principal of these was General Basset y

Ramos, an active and gallant officer, who had served with distinction under the Prince of Hesse at Gibraltar, and who was a Valencian by birth. These measures were successful; the people rapidly assembled from the neighbouring country, and, under the protection of the British guns, gave vent to their hitherto suppressed loyalty in shouts of "Long live King Charles the Third!" More substantial proofs of their disposition followed, in the shape of abundant supplies of provisions, for which, however, a liberal payment was judiciously made: a detachment of British infantry was landed to cover the operation of watering the fleet, and to protect the inhabitants from disorderly persons. The insurrection spread rapidly under these favourable circumstances, and in a short time advice was brought that from 800 to 1000 of the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages had assembled in the mountains, and seized the town of Denia for the King. A frigate and two bomb vessels seconded this movement by threatening the castle from the sea.

This castle was altogether indefensible against such a force: it still retained much of the magnificence which it had formerly displayed when the residence of the Dukes of Lerma, but was now a place of little strength. After a few shots had been fired, it surrendered, and General Ramos, with 400 regular troops from the fleet, immediately took possession. Here, for the first time on Spanish ground, Charles III. was proclaimed King of Spain and of the Indies. The proclamation was received with joy by the population.

CHAP. VIII.

AND now an opportunity was presented, of which Peterborough burned to avail himself. By a sudden impulse of genius he formed a plan which would probably at once have terminated the campaign, had he not been paralysed by restraining authority. His scheme was as complete and cautious in arrangement as it was daring and original in design. The vague nature of his instructions from England permitted ample freedom of action, but the embarrassing presence of the King, and of his German ministers, more than counterbalanced this advantage.

When Peterborough cast his eye over the map of Spain, he saw that Madrid lay as it were within his grasp: from Altea Bay, where his troops and stores might have easily been landed, it was not more than fifty leagues. Only one town of any strength, Requeña, lay in the way. The rich country around afforded abundant provision and

transport, which, by the favourable disposition of the people, would be readily brought forward. In the whole of central Spain there was no force that could oppose him; all the troops of Philip were away on the frontiers of Portugal, or occupying the disaffected cities of the north. At Madrid there were only a few troops of horse that barely sufficed for the duties of the palace guards. In a week, and perhaps without the shedding of one drop of blood, Charles might be proclaimed in his capital. In this brilliant design the dangers were fully weighed as well as the advantages. The overwhelming force of Marshal Tessé must threaten the left of the advancing army, and the garrisons of the northern cities, if united, could fall with decisive superiority upon its right. But the former was fully occupied by Lord Galway with the allied and Portuguese army, and the latter by the hostile and turbulent Catalans. Tessé could hardly move without drawing his opponents after him into the heart of Spain, and Barcelona with its neighbouring strongholds, if encouraged by the presence of a British fleet, and relieved from the

Bourbon garrisons, would doubtless declare immediately for Charles III.

In the very daring of the plan lay its safety. The wavering opinions of the Spanish people would probably be secured to the Prince who could thus boldly win his capital. The Castilian nobles would be overawed by the presence of a victorious army, and the disaffected in every part of Spain would be stimulated to redoubled activity by this first and important success. Even in case of failure, the position of Peterborough's army would be far from desperate. His retreat would be easy through a friendly country to those parts in Valencia and Andalusia which he might have previously secured. Gibraltar, one of the strongest places in the world, was also ready to receive him, and a great fleet was at hand to give assistance and protection when he approached the sea. The advantage of acting with that stronghold as the base of operations was obvious, from its being so much nearer England: from it the war might have been supported with greater facility, and the

time and expense of transporting troops and supplies considerably diminished.

This daring but judicious scheme was eminently suited to Lord Peterborough's character: in the rapid advance, in the councils of the conquered capital, in the defence or retreat, as the case might be, he would have been in his element. The prize of success was splendid, the penalty of failure could not be severe. In full confidence of its being accepted, he submitted his plan to King Charles, together with a lucid statement of the grounds upon which he had formed it, but to his surprise and vexation it was not approved. He urged his point with an earnestness that verged upon the very limits of respect; he endeavoured again and again to explain the advantages which his suggestion offered over the expedition to Barcelona. Nevertheless, the King and his German advisers were immovable, and they were subsequently supported by the decision of a council of war. Peterborough was obliged to submit at length to his colleagues, and with true magnanimity turned all his energies

to the execution of the original plan of the expedition. In letters to his friends, however, he inveighed in the strongest and most sarcastic terms against the incapacity of those with whom he was associated, and complained of the embarrassment that the presence of the King caused to his movements. Among other correspondents was Lord Wharton, to whom he wrote a letter, so amusing as to have called forth the following characteristic notice from Mr. Walsh, of Abberley, in Worcestershire, gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne. In a letter to Pope he says, "When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton showed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain; I told him I would by all means have that general recalled, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit, as he showed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business."

In accordance with this decision, such of the troops as had already been landed were re-embarked, and, after a further delay of a few days, from contrary winds, the fleet again weighed

anchor, and steered for Barcelona, where they arrived on the 16th of August. It was determined that, if a successful attempt upon that city seemed improbable upon an examination of the defences, they should proceed to the assistance of the Duke of Savoy, as was originally intended.

The city of Barcelona is one of the most ancient, populous, and important in Spain. It is situated in a fertile plain close to the sea; the defences at the time were extensive, but not very formidable, demanding an army of no less than 30,000 men for their full occupation. From about the centre of the sea-face, a mole projects into the water, within which, however, none but small craft can enter. Ten bastions and some old towers protect the town towards the north and east; to the south a long rampart with an unfinished ditch and covered way faces the sea; and to the west, at the distance of a mile and a half, on an imposing elevation, the castle or citadel of Montjuich overlooks and guards the walls of the city. The country around was fer-

tile and beautiful, well cultivated, and watered by numerous rivers and streams, which flow from the neighbouring mountains. At the distance of about a league from the shore, the land begins to rise into an amphitheatre of hills, the sides of which were decorated with towns, villages, and handsome country-seats for many miles.

As soon as the allied fleet had anchored, the garrison commenced a cannonade from the mole, and from a battery close to the sea, upon some of the transports which had neared the shore, but without any effect. The ships finding themselves uninjured, remained in the positions they had chosen as most convenient for the landing of the troops. The east wind, however, proved far more troublesome than the enemy's fire, and a heavy sea continually rolled in from the Mediterranean.

Meanwhile the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt with two frigates had put into the harbour of Mataro, about four leagues from Barcelona, for the purpose of gaining intelligence. He found that at the neighbouring town of Vich, the

people had risen for King Charles in considerable numbers. He put himself in communication with their leaders, and advised them to march upon the coast and co-operate with the allied forces then about to land. He then put off to rejoin the fleet, and on his way chanced to fall in with and chase two Neapolitan galleys, which, however, escaped into Barcelona. The Duke and the beautiful Duchess of Popoli were on board, with Monsieur d'Abary, a French officer of distinction, and forty other young gentlemen, partisans of the Duke of Anjou, all of whom were destined for employments in different parts of Spain, but were detained in the threatened city, by the viceroy and governor Don Francisco Velasco, to assist in its defence.

The first glance at the state of affairs gave Peterborough such an unfavourable impression, that he at once objected to the proposed attack upon Barcelona. The conditions were such as to arm the prudence of even the most daring. The lowest estimate of the enemy's force made it little inferior to his own. The gallant and skilful

Velasco still held as viceroy the command he had so ably exercised in the preceding year. The place was well supplied by his diligence with provisions and stores, while, to distress a besieging army, orders had been given to destroy all the forage in the surrounding country which could not be conveyed within the walls. The Austrian sympathies of the inhabitants were effectually compressed by the power and vigilance of the governor. With the scanty numbers of the besieging army, a blockade was evidently impracticable. The chances of an assault upon an equal force behind well-armed defences seemed almost desperate. The engineers declared that the difficulties of a regular approach were enormous, if not insurmountable, and that the only vulnerable point was covered by a bog, where the transport of cannon or the formation of works would be impossible.

The principal hope of the expedition had already failed; the adherents of the Archduke Charles had given assurance that the whole country would rise for him on the appearance of

the allied fleet, and that the town itself would probably open its gates to receive him. These promises, like all others from his Spanish friends, proved deceitful. But few of the peasantry appeared to receive him on the coast, and they were unarmed, unprovided, and without officers. They, however, stated that when the landing was made, and the enterprise fairly undertaken, thousands would join his standard who now stood aloof from prudence, but not from disinclination; and it was also alleged that these feelings obtained principally among the wealthier and more influential inhabitants.

The instructions given to Lord Peterborough, although in most respects sufficiently indefinite, were yet stringent on one point, which, with any one less bold and determined than he, would have proved an intolerable restraint. He was on no account to make the slightest alteration in the plans of the expedition, or indeed even to take any decisive step for their accomplishment, without the advice of a council of war. This condition, always most embarrassing, was under the

existing circumstances almost insupportable. But little harmony existed among the chief officers. The English thwarted each other, hated the Germans, and sneered at the Dutch. The officers of the fleet superadded to their usual distaste for their army brethren a strong jealousy of Lord Peterborough, whose command over them they resented as almost an insult, and he only qualified his dislike of them by a general contempt for every one whose opinions differed from those which at the moment he might himself chance to hold. However, his orders admitted of no evasion, and he accordingly called a council of war to deliberate upon the state of affairs.

On board Her Majesty's ship Britannia, off Barcelona, August 16th, 1705, in the presence of King Charles III., the council assembled, consisting of nine generals and a brigadier, with two colonels on the staff. The subject of deliberation was, Shall Barcelona be besieged or not? Strong indeed must have been the reasons, when the council proved unanimous against the attack. Their

consequent resolutions were principally drawn up by Lord Peterborough, and show solid ground for their decision. They stated not only all the difficulties actually existing, but also those that the enemy might probably create in the course of the siege, and declared the strength of the allied army to be only nineteen battalions of foot and two cavalry regiments, of whom no more than 7000 men in all were fit for action, and only 120 dragoon horses had survived the voyage in serviceable condition.

They conclude their written opinion as follows: —

"That though bold and almost desperate attempts have sometimes been undertaken with success, yet are they never by choice, but the effect of despair, and to get out of some great difficulty; whereas these troops are at this time under no necessity, which obliges them to desperate attempts, since other very considerable services, and such as by Her Majesty's instructions seem to be thought at least of equal importance with this of Barcelona, may still be pursued: such is particularly that of Italy, and supporting the Duke of Savoy. The Earl of Peterborough has likewise pro-

posed and offered to His Majesty to march by land, along the sea coast, where, with the countenance and assistance of the fleet, many towns of consequence might be reduced, the whole country disposed to declare for and pay obedience to His Catholic Majesty.

* * * * * *

"Either of these services we do most cheerfully offer to go upon, or indeed any other which may be proposed by His Majesty, which shall not expose both the honour of the Queen's and States General's arms, and the body of the troops which we are intrusted with, to utter destruction."

The decision of the council of war was most adverse to the wishes and hopes of the Archduke Charles and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt. They addressed letters of strong remonstrance to Lord Peterborough. They urged that to abandon the expedition at this juncture would be alike fatal to the common cause, and discreditable to the British arms. Meanwhile, however, the greater part of the troops had landed without opposition, but the sea broke with such force on the beach, that much difficulty was experienced. Many of the men were up to their middle in the

surf, and hardly escaped being carried off by the receding waves. Now, however, the people from the neighbouring villages began to assemble, and welcomed the allies of the Catholic King with demonstrations of joy. They brought boards to assist the soldiers out of the boats, and carried the officers on shore on their backs.

The landing-place had been well chosen by Lord Peterborough and Sir Cloudesley Shovel. It was about two miles east of the city, near a place called Badalona, and close to the mouth of the little river Basoz. The transports were moored as close to the shore as possible, and the fleet of boats bore no less than 3000 men in each trip. 200 English grenadiers were the first who stepped ashore; they immediately took up a position on the banks of the stream to cover the debarkation. In little more than five hours, fifteen battalions were landed, without the loss of a man. The work of encampment was conducted with judgment and energy. A strong natural position, about a mile from the city, was selected; the left rested on the sea, and the right was

covered by several abrupt hills and defiles, through which the river Basoz flowed. The front was, however, much extended, and Peterborough was obliged to avail himself of the assistance of the friendly Catalans, in guarding the advanced posts, and securing the numerous avenues from the city to the camp.

On the 22nd, another council of war was held at the Dutch general Schratenbach's quarter in the camp, to consider two letters of the King, in which he again urged the allied generals to attack the city: he proposed that a battery of fifty guns should be immediately erected to breach the curtain, and that the whole strength of the army should be thrown upon an assault. He argued both with ability and resolution; he weighed the several objections to the attack, and acknowledged their force, but urged that in such a case vigorous action was the safest, and, where "all is doubtful, much must be put to hazard," and that this was deemed least hazardous. He dwelt upon the ruin that must fall upon such of his subjects as had declared for him, if they were

abandoned to their fate, and concluded by declaring that he at least would not desert them. This appeal, however, failed to move any of the council except the chivalrous and uncertain Peterborough; he alone voted for the attempt, in compliance with the King's desire, but in opposition to his own judgment. Notwithstanding the decision of the council of war, the horse and dragoons were landed on the 24th, and marched into the camp.

On the 25th, the 26th, and the 28th, the chiefs of the allied army again assembled to deliberate upon an earnest request of the King, that they should attempt the siege for the period of eighteen days. The first decision was adverse, two only siding with Lord Peterborough for the siege. His influence, however, gained a favourable decision at the next; but in the third council, held on the 28th, they agreed to abandon the attempt, even the eccentric commander-in-chief concurring. The cause of this sudden reversal of their recorded opinion was that none of the workmen, whom they had demanded from the leaders of the

Catalan peasantry, had appeared, and they felt it to be impossible to carry on the works, and to erect the batteries for the siege, without such assistance. Nevertheless, the peasantry gave effectual assistance in landing the artillery, the tents, ammunition, and other stores; their leaders, however, declared that they could not be trusted to work under fire.

On the 28th, King Charles landed at four in the evening, amid a great concourse of people who received him with every demonstration of respect and joy, and with shouts of "Long live the King!" which echoed to the walls of Barcelona. For a time he could hardly extricate himself from the loyal crowd, but at length, mounting a horse, he proceeded to the camp, where he was received with a royal salute. Lord Peterborough then led him to the quarters prepared for his reception, near San Martino, behind the right of the camp, which was carefully guarded against the possibility of a surprise, by a line of defence, and by advance posts. But the presence of this prince, whose safety was so carefully ensured, was an intoler-

able embarrassment to the British general. He, and his worthless mockery of a court, complained with puerile bitterness of the disinclination of the allies to undertake the siege, and murmured against the hard fate that had carried him among his faithful people, without the power of making one effort in their cause. On the other hand, the allies were incensed against those who reproached them for not undertaking impossibilities. Dissensions spread: General Schratenbach declared that he would disobey the orders of the commander-in-chief rather than vainly sacrifice his men.

There is little ground for surprise in the unfavourable dispositions of the different parties towards each other. The Archduke and the Prince were exasperated at the uncertainty and dilatoriness of the allied councils, and especially by the last change in opinion of the English chief, while Lord Peterborough was enraged at the unreasonable propositions of the Court, and at the flagrant exaggeration by which the Prince of Hesse had raised 1500 disorderly

peasantry into an army. As yet he had not learned the value of these auxiliaries; he resented a demand that they should be paid as regular soldiers from the military chest, while they would submit to no discipline, and while they refused to labour in the trenches. He desired in good faith to carry out his instructions, that he should as far as possible defer to the opinions of Charles, but be also guided by the decisions of councils of war: under existing circumstances this was impossible, both being diametrically opposite. "Such," says an officer present at the time, "are the present unhappy circumstances. Impossibilities proposed; no expedient to be accepted; a court reproaching, councils of war rejecting, and the Dutch general refusing the assistance of the troops under his command!"

The Prince of Darmstadt, in his vexation at the results of the councils of war, even went so far as to accuse Lord Peterborough of having used secret influence to thwart the enterprise, and thus to justify his former opposition to it; an open rupture between them was the con-

sequence. At the same time the English troops were full of complaints against their chief, for having landed and committed them to this apparently hopeless enterprise. But they earnestly desired now to be led against the town, that they might not be said to have "come like fools, and gone like cowards."

The east side of the town, where the allied army lay, was almost safe from their attack. For many miles the neighbouring country was a dead flat, affording no shelter whatever to the assailants. The soft and marshy nature of the ground rendered regular lines of approach peculiarly difficult of construction, even had not the want of workmen and of sufficient numbers forbidden the attempt. There, too, the defensive works were most formidable; an outwork, in the form of a detached ravelin, and flanked by the more salient points of the lines, completely covered the ramparts from a breaching fire, and was too strong to be carried without great loss. But had these difficulties even been overcome, and a breach made, there would still have re-

mained the desperate risk of a storm, in the face of a superior enemy.

However, during these harassing dissensions, the siege was carried on, but certainly in a languid manner. A battery of fifty heavy guns, supplied by the ships, and manned by seamen, was placed upon a rising ground, flanked by two deep ravines, on the shoulders of which small redoubts were erected, to guard the gunners from the enemy's fire. On several of the adjacent hills, also, smaller batteries, with light field-guns, had been raised, which effectually checked the fire of the besieged. In these comparatively unimportant operations nearly three weeks were consumed, and no real advance towards the capture of the place had been effected. Something like a blockade had, however, been established. The Catalan peasants guarded every approach to the town, irregularly, perhaps, but effectually. These formidable levies, unequalled in guerilla warfare, were called Miquelets, from the name of a favourite chief in former times, and sometimes took the name of Somatenes, from

the Somaten, or alarm-bell, by which they were summoned together.

The officers of the fleet were not less discontented than their brethren on shore, at the feeble conduct of the siege. They never doubted that the defences might be carried by a sudden attack, after the fashion of boarding; and they complained bitterly at the season of action being thus allowed to exhaust itself in efforts which they did not believe were even in earnest; and it is certain, that from the first Peterborough saw the hopelessness of a regular attack, and at once directed his mind to discover some means of carrying the town by surprise. Thus, during the three inactive weeks that ensued after the landing, his apparent inactivity was deceitful; he carefully collected all information brought to him by spies and deserters; he searched old maps and records minutely, and also, by constant personal observations, endeavoured to render himself thoroughly acquainted with the city, and the points whence it could be assailed. Meanwhile the siege proceeded most languidly, or rather hardly proceeded at all.

CHAP. IX.

In the course of these anxious and careful observations a scheme suggested itself to Lord Peterborough's mind of a most daring and singular nature. Its very boldness was its safety. Friends and foes were alike astounded even more at the attempt than at its complete success. The eccentric genius that planned was well supported by the judgment and courage that executed. Success could alone justify such an enterprise, and yet the failure of any one link in the chain of calculated circumstances would have rendered success impossible.

Among the various reports brought by deserters to the allied camp was that of the state of the fort and garrison of Montjuich. The fort or citadel was strong both by natural position and by artificial defences. It has been already stated that

this formidable stronghold covered the weakest part of the city defences, that towards the south-west. In itself it far exceeded in strength any other part of the lines. The several fronts were traced in the most skilful manner of which the irregular nature of the ground would permit. The ditches were deep and the walls firm, the outposts were skilfully planned, the batteries well armed, and the inner defences formidable in themselves. In a word, the citadel was by far the strongest point in the position of the besieged. On the other hand, the only weakness was, that around on every side were numerous ravines and hollows which might afford shelter to an assailant. The fort stands on a commanding height, the loftiest of the chain of hills that projects from the Monserrat mountains, and falls in undulating slopes towards the sea. Montjuich was thus abundantly capable of defence even against a regular siege. The reduction of this formidable fort was always regarded as consequent on the possession of the city, but the idea of assailing it in the first instance appears never before to have

been entertained, and was left for the strange and gifted Peterborough.

Trusting to the extraordinary strength of their position, the garrison of Montjuich neglected proper precautions. Peterborough managed to elicit this important information without exciting suspicion as to the object of his inquiry. His only hope of success lay in secrecy and in the extreme improbability that his designs could be anticipated by the enemy. It was, however, necessary that he should render himself thoroughly acquainted with the roads leading to the fort, and with the neighbouring localities. He made this necessary examination accompanied only by a single aide-de-camp, and, proceeding up the ravines towards the fort, succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory view of the fortifications without being discovered. This personal observation confirmed the reports which he had received of the supineness and negligence of the garrison. He was now determined to risk the attack, but to none of his most intimate friends did he give the slightest hint of his intentions, not even to Brigadier-

General Stanhope, a gallant and accomplished soldier, with whom he was at that time on terms of the closest friendship.

Still further to disguise his views, Lord Peterborough called councils of war both in the camp and fleet, wherein it was resolved, with his full consent, that the siege of Barcelona was hopeless, and that the army should be immediately re-embarked and conveyed to Italy. Accordingly, the heavy artillery was returned on board the ships, the warlike stores collected, and the troops warned for embarkation. Then the Archduke Charles and his courtiers broke out into louder complaints than ever; they publicly called in question Lord Peterborough's capacity and even his honesty. The officers of the fleet also murmured more loudly than ever against their brethren ashore; they were unanimous in desiring an attack upon the city at all hazards, especially as the season of action was so far spent that they deemed it unadvisable to undertake any other enterprise that year.

Lord Peterborough's patience and self-control during this most trying period is perhaps the most

singular part of his singular life: fiery, impulsive, and indiscreet on common occasions, he then bore the bitterest taunts and the keenest wounds to his vanity with apparent calmness and insensibility. So completely successful was he, that the very night on which his plans were ripe for execution was appointed by the defenders of Barcelona for a public rejoicing to celebrate the raising of the siege. On the other hand, the fact of the arrangements for embarkation having been carried on up to the last moment gave opportunity to his detractors, and they were many and powerful, to deprive him of the merit of the great idea, which they declared he had only adopted unwillingly from the Prince of Hesse's suggestion.

The sun set, the 13th of September, on scenes of activity in the city of Barcelona and in the beleaguering camp. In the former, the garrison and the inhabitants, who were, or seemed, well affected to the Bourbons, held high rejoicing for the expected departure of the enemy: in the latter, the allied troops were busied in preparation for the embarkation, which had been ordered for the

morrow. One man only among the thousands who rejoiced in fancied success, or murmured in fancied failure, knew that the great stake was to be won or lost before the noon of the next day; in his mind the plans of the night's enterprise were fully formed, every difficulty was anticipated, and, as far as might be, guarded against, — each possible advantage foreseen and calculated upon.

In the afternoon of Sunday the 13th, a detachment of English and Dutch troops, 1200 strong, was ordered to assemble in the allied camp, many imagined for the purpose of covering the embarkation. Scaling-ladders and all things necessary for an assault had already been privately prepared. About six o'clock in the evening 400 grenadiers of this party, under the command of the Honourable Colonel Southwell, were ordered to march by the Serria road, as if on route to Tarragona to meet the fleet and embark in that harbour: the remainder of the detachment followed in support at some little distance.

At nightfall the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt

was surprised by Lord Peterborough's entrance into his quarters, as, since their rupture, all intercourse had ceased between them. "I have determined," said the British general, "to make this night an attack upon the enemy. You may now, if you please, be a judge of our behaviour, and see whether my officers and soldiers really deserve the bad character which you, of late, have so readily imputed to them." He then explained that the troops were already on their march towards Montjuich. The Prince immediately ordered his horse and unhesitatingly joined them, and the two gallant but wayward chiefs rode side by side against the enemy. About ten at night they overtook the head of the advancing column, and Peterborough suddenly ordered a total change in the route, he himself leading. They then marched directly upon Fort Montjuich. The roads were circuitous, narrow, and difficult; for a great part of the way there was only room for single files to pass; the night was very dark: the detachment was many hours on the march, so that

it was nearly break of day before they reached the foot of the hill upon which the fort of Montjuich stood.

The general's design was now evident to the allied troops; however, the officers and soldiers concluded that they would be immediately led to the attack under cover of the still-lingering darkness.

Peterborough's arrangements were different; he had well considered the subject, and determined to avoid the risks and confusion of a night assault. He called his officers together during this anxious interval, and explained his design with the reasons for its adoption. He had closely examined the place; the ditches he had found open and unembarrassed by palisades or barriers. The defences were, besides, so far imperfect that the inner works had not sufficient elevation to command the outer, should the latter be carried by an enemy. This suggested to him the idea of endeavouring to gain the outworks by a coup-de-main, when he judged that the body of the place could not afterwards hold out. In this view he determined to

induce the defenders to meet him upon the outer works, by an open assault in the light of day. In case of a reverse, or to enable him to take advantage of success, he had placed in reserve, under Brigadier-General Stanhope, at a convent midway between the camp and the city, called La Cruz Cubierta, a body of 1000 infantry with all his handful of cavalry.

Peterborough then silently and coolly completed his arrangements for the assault. He divided the body under his immediate command into three parties; the first of which, 280 strong, he, assisted by the Prince of Hesse, headed in person. A lieutenant and 30 men formed the advance of this small band; a captain, with 50 more, succeeded in support, and the remainder, 200 men, were ordered to follow in the rear. This main attack was directed against the bastion facing the town, the strongest part of the defences. The orders issued were, that they should push forward despite the enemy's fire, leap into the ditch, drive the garrison before them, and enter the works with them, if possible, but if not,

to obtain at least a firm footing on the outer defences.

A column of like strength and formation, under the Honourable Colonel Southwell, was directed against an unfinished demi-bastion on the extreme western point of the fort, and the farthest from the town. The remainder of Peterborough's force was held in reserve under a colonel of the Dutch army, with orders to assist whenever their presence might become most necessary. They occupied a position a little in the rear, between the two parties which were to make the assault.

Shortly after daylight the British troops received the order to advance, and immediately, in high spirits and in perfect order, they pushed up the brow of the hill towards the fort. Some of the enemy's Miquelets were the first to alarm the garrison; they poured an irregular volley into the British troops as they ascended the crest, and then retreated into the fort.

The garrison turned out promptly, but in some confusion, and manned the works in time to receive the assailants with a sharp fire. Unchecked

by this reception, the leading grenadiers leaped into the unfinished ditch, clambered up the outer rampart, and fell with sword and bayonet upon the defenders. The second detachment speedily followed; the Spaniards gave way, broke, and fled, and friends and foes rushed together in wild confusion into the bastion. Peterborough and the Prince, with the main body of their detachment, then hastened in after them in perfect order, and mastered the position. Before the defenders had recovered sufficiently from this first blow to bring their guns to bear upon the British troops, an entrenchment was rapidly thrown up with the materials which chanced to have been collected there for some extensive repairs then in progress to strengthen the fort.

The attention of the garrison of Montjuich was altogether occupied by the dangers of this formidable onslaught. The Prince Caraccioli della Torrella, a Neapolitan officer, then in temporary command of the fort, ordered all his force to concentrate at the threatened point. This was precisely what Peterborough had anticipated; he

immediately despatched Brigadier-General Lord Charlemont to bring up the troops under Colonel Southwell to the attack of the now almost defenceless western face. This order was gallantly executed; at the first rush the ditch was passed, the rampart gained, the outer wall scaled, and three guns taken, without the loss of a man.

Now, however, the defenders hastened to avert the new and unexpected danger; they opened a deadly fire, and even endeavoured to retake the outer rampart with the bayonet. A bloody contest ensued; many British officers and soldiers fell in their stubborn determination to hold what they had gained. Southwell, their chief, a man of great personal strength and daring, was thrice surrounded by the Spaniards, but each time cut his way out in safety. This desperate sally was, at length, repulsed, and the assailants leisurely entrenched their position, and turned the captured guns against the fort.

While both the attacking divisions were employed in sheltering themselves, the noise of the battle was for a time silenced. The besieged

could not venture to advance, as they would have been immediately exposed to a fire, and to the risk of a flank attack. Peterborough busied himself in preparation for a fresh assault; he ordered up the reserve of 1000 men under Stanhope, and made prodigious exertions to get guns and mortars into position upon the newly-won ramparts.

Meanwhile, Velasco, the viceroy, had been alarmed by the loud roar of musketry from the citadel. Great was his surprise to find himself threatened in this vital point by an enemy whose supposed departure he had already celebrated. The tocsin was sounded in Barcelona; the troops rapidly assembled, the lines were manned, and a body of 400 horse grenadiers, under the Marquis de Risbourg, was hurried off to Montjuich, with orders to succour it at all hazards. Peterborough had foreseen this movement. He could not spare men from his own scanty force to guard the passes between the fort and city, but he had posted a number of Miquelets in a narrow gorge, in which they might readily have forbidden all

passage with hardly any risk to themselves. These unruly peasants, however, failed him in his hour of need; they scarcely waited to receive the dragoons with a harmless volley before they dispersed among the hills. He learned then a lesson which he never afterwards forgot, that these irregular allies, formidable as they were in harassing an enemy, or in pursuing a beaten foe, were utterly unworthy of confidence in any plan of combined action. The succours, therefore, reached Montjuich in safety; 200 men were dismounted and thrown in; the remainder, leading their horses, returned to Barcelona.

The Marquis de Risbourg, on entering the fort, practised a stratagem which speedily renewed the fight, and had very nearly destroyed the British force. He caused his men to shout aloud "Long live King Charles the Third!" and at the same time actually threw open the gates as if in surrender. The Prince of Darmstadt, who commanded at that moment, was completely deceived by these demonstrations, and ordered the advance of 250 men under Colonel Allen, he himself

following with about a company in reserve. They advanced eagerly and in some disorder into the ditch, but were instantly assailed in front and flank by a murderous fire; the melée lasted but a few minutes. Peterborough hastened to the spot, but only arrived in time to find the Prince struck down by a mortal wound, while yet encouraging the remnant of his men, and Allen with 200 of his followers borne back as prisoners to the fort.

For a time the Prince of Hesse strove to conceal his wound; but the main artery of his thigh had been severed by the bullet, and his life ebbed fast away. He fell at last, "the vital spirits of that great heart being no longer able to support him." They bore him to the nearest house, but before the wound could be examined he expired; "to the inexpressible grief of the King, his officers and soldiers, the seamen, and particularly the Spaniards, for the loss of so good and great a man."

While the brave prince was dying, the affairs of the allies had taken an alarming turn. The

viceroy Velasco had despatched 3000 men, as fast as they could be got together, to follow Risbourg's dragoons to the assistance of Montjuich; they were now in sight. There was no longer time for mourning over the gallant dead. Peterborough without delay mounted his horse, and galloped down the hills to reconnoitre the advancing Spaniards. His brief absence had well nigh proved fatal. One of those strange panics which sometimes flash like an electric shock through the noblest soldiery, seized the British troops; without any apparent cause, without being exposed to a single bullet, they wavered, became confused, and obeyed, with shameful alacrity, the unworthy order of Lord Charlemont for a retreat. The march soon became a flight, and they abandoned in wild haste the positions which but a little time before they had so bravely won.

A staff-officer named Captain George Carleton promptly disentangled himself from among the fugitives, and hurried to acquaint Lord Peterborough of this "shameful and surprising accident." "Good God! is it possible?" exclaimed the

general; and leaving the advancing Spaniards to do their worst, he galloped up the hill. Already his troops were half-way down. He drew his sword, cast away the scabbard, and, burning with indignation at the disgraceful order to retreat, dismounted, put himself at the head of the troops, and cried, "I am sure all brave men will follow me. Will you bear the eternal infamy and scandal of having deserted your post and forsaken your general?" The appeal was not in vain: they faced about with "alacrity and new courage," and, forgetting their apprehensions, followed Peterborough, and soon regained all the ground they had lost, and this too without opposition; for so great was the confusion throughout in the strange contest, that the enemy had never discovered that the positions had been abandoned, even during the lapse of half-an-hour, —"though," writes Captain Carleton, "had our forces marched half a musket shot farther, their retreat would have been perceived, and all the success attending this glorious attempt would have been entirely blasted."

The Marquis de Risbourg, meanwhile, made his way out of Montjuich at the side near the city, bearing with him in triumph Colonel Allen and the other English prisoners whom he had taken, and pushed on towards Barcelona in great haste, fearing that he might be intercepted. About half-way he met the reinforcement of 3000 men sent by Velasco. The prisoners informed the Spanish commanders that Lord Peterborough and the Prince of Hesse led the attack upon Montjuich in person. Hereupon the chief of the reinforcement concluded that the whole allied force was before him, and that his only chance of escaping destruction was to return as speedily as possible. This happy delusion proved all important to the besiegers; had the Spaniards then pressed on, Peterborough, as yet unsupported by Stanhope, could hardly have escaped disaster.

As the Spaniards hastily retreated, the Miquelets swarmed at their heels, harassing them effectually. A small garrison that held the little fort of San Bertran, alarmed by the retrograde

movements of their comrades, and fearful of being cut off, abandoned their post, and joined the retreat. The armed peasants soon replaced them; by this all further communication between the town and citadel was cut off, and five light guns were taken, which presently proved highly useful to the captors.

Peterborough pursued his advantage with demoniac energy. The three guns taken in Southwell's first attack, and the five pieces won by the Miquelets at San Bertran, were brought to bear in less than an hour upon the inner defences of Montjuich. Aides-de-camp were despatched with all speed to command the landing of heavy guns and mortars from the fleet. Stanhope's fresh men, who had now come up, were urged on to vigorous exertion in completing the entrenchments and batteries of attack; while the Miquelets were dispersed in swarms among the ravines and groves around the city, so as to interrupt all exit, and to mask the movements of the besiegers. The skill and ability of Velasco appear to have completely deserted him at this juncture. With

a force at that time actually superior to the whole land force of his enemy, he suffered the daring Englishman to crush the defenders of Montjuich, and to carry on difficult and perilous operations unopposed, for two all-important days. He appeared to have been paralysed by Peterborough's astounding audacity.

While the Earl thus exercised his energy upon the living, he was not forgetful of the noble dead. His personal animosity against the Prince of Hesse had passed away with its cause. He remembered no longer the bitter taunts, or unworthy accusations, since he who had spoken had given his life for the good Cause. The body was laid out in state. "It lies at a convent hired by the Earl of Peterborough for that purpose. He is dressed with his wig, hat, and usual clothes, with his boots on, a sword in one hand, and a cane in the other; a priest is continually about his corpse, praying, and the place is ever crowded with Spaniards who come to see him."

In the meantime, the light cannon of the besiegers had but little effect upon the massive

walls of the fortress; the Prince of Caraccioli held out obstinately for two days even against the heavier metal of mortars and breaching guns that was shortly afterwards brought to bear. But on the 17th Colonel Southwell managed to alter the face of affairs. He, happening to command in the trenches on that day, directed the attention of a Dutch sub-officer, who was in charge of a heavy mortar, to a small chapel within the fort which appeared to be especially guarded by the besieged. The bombardier made repeated efforts to hit this object, but the shots all fell to the left. Southwell, although quite new to the practice of artillery, undertook the management of the mortar himself, and soon succeeded in dropping a shell upon the roof of the building, which proved to be the magazine; it crashed through and exploded, and in a moment shattered the chapel to fragments: it killed the brave Caraccioli and three other officers who were at dinner with him, and left a yawning breach in the main rampart.

When the din and smoke had subsided, the

garrison rushed out of the works to seek safety in surrender. They were met by Southwell, who was at the same time advancing at the head of the guards of the trenches to avail himself of the confusion. The senior surviving officer, Don Juan Franco de Mena, and his companions, gladly delivered up their swords to the British Colonel and begged protection from the Miquelets, who had already with ferocious alacrity begun to take advantage of the opportunity. Protection was of course afforded; and besides the chief, De Mena, fifteen officers and three hundred men fell into the hands of the victors. Peterborough, with the consent of the King, named Colonel Southwell governor of the fortress which his courage and skill had so largely contributed to win.

This brilliant achievement completely changed the prospects of the army; supineness and discontent no longer existed. Sailors and soldiers rivalled each other in their exertions. Even the jealousy of the wretched German courtiers was silenced by the splendour of Lord Peterborough's

success. The Miquelets became orderly and active in the labours of the trenches, while their numbers largely increased. Stanhope, strengthened by a reinforcement from the main army, conducted the attack from the side of Montjuich. Four batteries of heavy guns and two of mortars were soon enabled to open fire by the vigour of the leader, and the hopeful activity of his men. Then the cannonade became general on both sides of the city. Many of the smaller vessels of the fleet warped close in to the shore and threw shot and shell, while the artillery from the trenches played constantly upon the landward side.

A breach soon rewarded the efforts of the besiegers, but the viceroy Velasco still stood firm. His was a trying position. A general capable of anything that skill could suggest and daring execute, supported by a powerful army flushed with success, threatened him from without; the wide-spread disaffection of the inhabitants, and the doubtful loyalty even of his officers and soldiers, were still more alarming within. His citadel was already lost, and a practicable breach lay

open to the assailants. Still to every proposition of surrender he returned answer, that he "would rather bury himself in the ruins of the city he had been commissioned to defend." He arrested many of the mutinous soldiers and hostile inhabitants, and drove others out of the walls. Every thing that was possible was done to protect the breach, and every preparation made for a vigorous resistance.

King Charles received all those who had been driven from Barcelona by Velasco, and made provision for them as far as his scanty resources allowed. Meanwhile he removed his quarters to Sierra, that he might be nearer the point of attack, and he especially turned his attention to organising the Miquelets. These active light troops proved now of great value, guarding every avenue of approach to the city, and completely establishing a blockade. The King was constantly in the batteries or the bombarding ships; and on one occasion, when eight vessels fired all their guns in a salvo at his request, and the shower of missiles fell together into the town, he gave vent

to his satisfaction in the strongest terms, and made handsome presents to the gunners.

On the 3rd of October the English engineers declared that the breach on the side of Montjuich was fully practicable; whereon Peterborough wrote himself to Don Velasco, offering honourable terms of capitulation, but declaring, at the same time, that should they now be refused he would not offer them again. The viceroy unhesitatingly rejected them. Within the breach he had cast up a formidable entrenchment, and below the ruins of the shattered battlements he had sunk two mines for the purpose of blowing up the advancing columns of the assailants. Thus prepared, he awaited the desperate chances of the assault.

Thereupon Peterborough plied his guns more vigorously than ever. The Dutch officer, whose mortar Southwell had worked with such success against Montjuich, was now in charge of the battery nearest the breach; and, in the presence of the general, succeeded in throwing two shells upon the entrenchment which almost destroyed it,

and another on the breach itself, which, crashing through the rubbish, fired Velasco's mines, and blew open the whole front of the work. "If I had but 2000 men in readiness," shouted Peterborough with exultation, "I should immediately storm the town."

But a higher glory lay in store for him, that of giving an example of scrupulous honour, and of protecting the vanquished. He hastened to his tent, and once more wrote to summon his gallant enemy. "The garrison can expect no relief. I advise you to prevent the consequences of an assault. This is the last letter I shall write." The viceroy then agreed to capitulate if the place were not relieved within four days, and Brigadier-General Stanhope and the Conde de Ribera were exchanged as hostages. It was agreed that the garrison should march out with all the honours of war, that they should be transported by sea to San Feliz, near Palamos, and escorted thence to Gerona. The gate of San Angelo was to be immediately delivered up to the allies; the foot were to march out through the breach, the horse

through the gate of San Antonio, and nineteen pieces of artillery were allowed to be taken with them. This capitulation was signed in the evening of the 9th of October, but in a few hours after news arrived that Gerona had declared for King Charles; upon this, Velasco requested to be conveyed to Rosas instead.

On the 14th the garrison was preparing to march out when a sudden tumult arose in the town, the noise of which reached even the English camp. The viceroy had added the unpopularity of extreme repressive measures against the disaffected in the city, to the Catalan hatred of the French cause. The Austrian party determined to wreak vengeance upon their fallen oppressor. They spread a report that he designed to carry away many of the principal inhabitants as prisoners, in spite of the capitulation. This rumour excited the people to madness; aided by a number of Miquelets, who had managed to introduce themselves into the city unobserved, they assailed and rifled the houses of the French, and of the partisans of the Duke of Anjou. Their rage was next turned

upon Velasco and his garrison, who, dispersed and panic-stricken, dreaded a general massacre.

Peterborough had himself observed the uproar; he immediately mounted, put himself at the head of some orderly dragoons, and, directing four companies of grenadiers to follow as quickly as they could, spurred to the city. At the gate of San Angelo, where the confusion was greatest, the Spanish guard immediately obeyed his demand for admittance, and the English general rode almost alone into the town against which, a few days before, he had waged deadly hostility. Even his great influence was, for a time, insufficient to arrest the work of devastation. However, with the aid of his dragoons and grenadiers, he presently enforced his orders. His own men behaved admirably, seconding his exertions to save those who had lately been their enemies.

At the first outbreak of the tumult most of the ladies of quality had sought refuge in a convent; there Peterborough placed a guard over them, and directed that they should be treated with all possible respect. When returning from this good

work, begrimed with dust, and having lost his hat, he fell upon an adventure that exactly suited his chivalrous and eccentric disposition. A lady and gentleman, evidently of high rank, were struggling with the mob, who endeavoured to prevent their escape. The Earl immediately charged to the rescue; the mob resisted, not at first recognising, in the strange hatless figure, the redoubted general. He, however, fortunately met some of his dragoons, and with their assistance carried the lady and gentleman off in triumph to a house hard by, where they were safe. A Miquelet, furious at being deprived of his prey, fired at him, but the bullet happily wounded no more vital part than his Lordship's perriwig. Great was Peterborough's satisfaction when he discovered that the gentleman he had saved was the Duke, and the lady the beautiful Duchess of Popoli, and it was much the longer part of an hour before he left them. The tumult being at length appeased, he left the town, and returned to the camp to await the stipulated time of taking possession.

At the hour appointed he again went back, with

a sufficient guard, and caused proclamation to be made, in all the public places of Barcelona, "That if any person have any lawful demands upon Don Francisco de Velasco, they shall repair to the Town House, there enter their claims, and I shall see them satisfied." This considerateness, together with his affability and disinterestedness, wonderfully endeared him to the Catalans.

Another circumstance occurred that evening which also made a very favourable impression. Several of the principal inhabitants waited upon him to know what place he desired to pitch upon for the exercise of his religion. He replied that "Wherever I may have my quarters, I shall have conveniency enough to worship God; and as for the rest of the army, they shall strictly follow the rules of war, and perform divine service among themselves, without giving any disturbance or offence to any body." This answer was peculiarly gratifying to the people, as the French emissaries had reported that the Protestants would take their churches from them. That day Peterborough magnificently entertained all the

people of distinction of both parties at his own charge; and so great was the confidence that he had inspired, that the following morning the shops were open, and the markets as busy with traffic as if the tranquillity of Barcelona had never been disturbed.

Rumours were still afloat, however, that the viceroy Velasco would be again pursued by the vengeance of the people. Peterborough determined that such a stain as the assassination of the man who had trusted his life in his hands, should not rest upon him; he, therefore, provided a guard of eight hundred men to protect and convoy the viceroy safely to the ships. Alicant was now selected by Velasco as his destination. He was unwilling to trust himself again to the men of Catalonia at Rosas, which was then, indeed, the only town in the province that had not declared for King Charles.

Thus ended the siege of Barcelona. It cannot be denied that its capture was one of the most brilliant achievements on any record. This one victory was sufficient to prove the transcendant

military genius of the eccentric conqueror. His actions during those few short weeks were an epitome of those of his whole life. He exhibited some of the highest, and yet not a few of the lowest qualities. Profound prudence, faithful adherence to his Sovereign's orders, patience, self-command, secresy, for many weary and apparently hopeless days; then, suddenly, when fit time came, he flashed forth into matchless daring, romantic chivalry, and boundless generosity. It is probable that he alone could have overcome the difficulties that were opposed to him: the powerful army, the able general, the vast fortified position, the citadel that frowned down upon him from the rugged heights, might well have appalled a brave man. But far more trying for such a spirit as his, was the ill-concealed hatred of many of those with whom he had to co-operate, the wrong-headedness of the King, the almost treachery of the German courtiers, and the supineness of the Dutch. On the other hand, many of his own peculiar weaknesses were frequently exhibited: he changed his mind, in the

first instance, every day; his intolerable vanity irritated his colleagues; he took a spiteful pleasure in aggravating the vexations of the Prince of Hesse; he hardly restrained his tongue within respectful limits to the King, and delighted in insulting the courtiers; his apparent liberality about the arrangements for divine worship was, perhaps, but a scoff at all sacred things; and even his most gallant conduct in the tumult after the capitulation was not altogether free from the absurdities of a mountebank.

CHAP. X.

BARCELONA was no sooner occupied, and affairs put in tolerable order, than advice of the important event was despatched by King Charles to Holland and England. Lord Shannon and Brigadier-General Stanhope had the honour of conveying the news to Queen Anne, in a long and grateful letter from the King, and a short and eloquent one from Lord Peterborough. For a considerable time contrary winds delayed their arrival in England, and it was not until the 22nd of November that the Canterbury man-of-war landed the bearers of the glad tidings at St. Helen's.

The following extracts from King Charles's letter to Queen Anne are interesting, as relating directly to the subject of these memoirs:—

"I must do justice to all your officers and common soldiers, and in particular to my Lord Peterborough;

that he has shown, throughout this expedition, a constancy, valor, and conduct worthy the choice which your Majesty made of him; and that he could not give me greater satisfaction than he has done, of the great zeal and application which he has equally shown for my interest and service." * * * *

"When your Majesty's troops entered the town with the Earl of Peterborough, instead of busying themselves with plundering, as is usual on such occasions, they appeased the disorder, and saved the town, and even the lives of their enemies, with a discipline and generosity without example."

On the 28th of October Charles made his public entry into the conquered city, not as a conqueror, but as a deliverer. He was there proclaimed King, and was received with general acclamations and all suitable rejoicings for so happy an event. Some days after this, the principal citizens requested permission to celebrate the occasion by a grand and formal demonstration: their loyal request was acceded to, and becoming preparations were accordingly made.

On the appointed day the King appeared at the balcony of Lord Peterborough's house, to

receive the procession. First, a long cavalcade of the principal citizens in gala dress passed in order, saluting the King reverently as they went. After these followed several pageants; the first of which was drawn by mules, set off to the height by stateliest feathers, and adorned with bells: upon the top of this pageant appeared a man dressed all in green, but in the likeness of a dragon. The pageant making a stop just over against the balcony where the King sat, the dragonical representative diverted him with a great variety of dancings; the Earl of Peterborough all the time throwing out dollars by handfulls among the populace, which they as constantly received with loud acclamations, and repeated cries of "Viva, Viva, Carlos Tercero!" "Viva la Casa de Austria!" The eccentric Earl was in his glory, in the midst of this strange scene of mingled gravity and folly.

By every means in his power, Charles wisely endeavoured to secure the affection of the people; his efforts were successful, and in no instance more so than in that related by Captain Carleton, in the following anecdote. The King passing

through the fruit-market in his coach, the host was brought at that very juncture out of the great Church, in order to a poor sick woman's receiving the Sacrament. On the sight of the host, the King left his coach and kneeled down in the dirty street till it passed by; he then arose, and, taking the flambeau from him who bore it, himself carried it to the sufferer. This apparent devotion to the rites of the church made a peculiarly favourable impression on the people, who had been before in some instances inclined to question the orthodoxy of a prince whose mainstay was the Protestant, or at least the decidedly anti-catholic, Earl of Peterborough.

While the British general held aloof from any interference with the religion of the Catalans, he lost no time in publishing, by his Queen's authority, a solemn assurance to preserve to Catalonia the enjoyment of her ancient Fueros, the Magna Charta of the province. Upon these popular announcements, and the reduction of Barcelona, the towns of Gerona, Taragona, Tortosa, and Lerida either were taken by the peasantry or declared

for the Austrian cause. The open country was unanimous for Charles. Of the Spanish garrison of Barcelona, not more than one thousand men availed themselves of the capitulation; the remainder, including all the cavalry, enlisted under the banners of their conquerors. The insurrection against Philip spread rapidly through all Arragon as well as Catalonia, and, headed by the Marquis de Cifuentes, and Generals Basset and Nebot, obtained important successes.

The King's popularity being secured at Barcelona, a council of war was held of all the principal land and sea officers, to determine their further proceedings; as usual, but little harmony existed. The German ministers, especially Prince Lichtenstein and M. Zinzerling, thwarted Peterborough as much as lay in their power. Their opposition was of a very different nature from that of the gallant Prince of Hesse: his was prompted by an ardent, though ill-directed, desire to advance the common cause; theirs, by avarice and ignorance. Lord Peterborough chafed sorely at these contemptible obstacles. He writes: "God preserve

any country from the best of German ministers."* The Dutch generals, too, threw the dead weight of their phlegmatic national character upon the Councils; they opposed every proposition for action, and insisted that the army should rest contented with the conquest of Barcelona. Finally, however, the more active spirit of the King, backed by Peterborough's quenchless energy, prevailed. Charles determined to venture his person among the loyal Catalans, and to remain at Barcelona; while Peterborough, with the whole of the land force and all the marines that could be spared from the fleet, was to pursue operations in Catalonia and Valencia.

The season being so far spent that no further maritime operations could be undertaken, the allied fleet, under Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Admiral Allemonde, sailed for Lisbon and England, leaving four British and two Dutch frigates in support of the land force at Barcelona. On his way Shovel landed Don Velasco, with the

* See Appendix.

few troops who had adhered to the fortunes of the Bourbons, at Alicant.

While Cifuentes and the Miquelets were accomplishing their conquests in the country, and in the Catalonian towns, the King turned his attention to the organisation of a Spanish army. He formed a regiment of five hundred dragoons for his body-guard, mounting them upon the horses of the former garrison; and, from a levy raised by the States of Catalonia, together with the enemy's deserters, he completed six powerful battalions of infantry. He, however, made the unpopular error of bestowing the chief commands in these corps upon foreigners: both the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of his body-guard were Germans, Count Zinzendorf and Colonel Rieutort.

Meanwhile Philip of Anjou was not idle. Every effort was made to check the Valencian insurrection, the neighbourhood of which to the capital rendered it especially formidable. While Peterborough gained laurels at Barcelona, Generals Lord Galway and Fagel succumbed to the better fortune of Marshal Tessé before Badajos.

The news of these different events in the two opposite extremities of Spain, reached the Court of Madrid almost at the same time. The intelligence of the retreat of the allied army over the frontier of Portugal arrived shortly after, and filled the adherents of France with exultation.

After the decision of the council of war, Peterborough despatched garrisons of regular troops to occupy the several towns that had fallen into the power of the allies, sending an engineer to each, with orders to put them in a state of defence. 200 dragoons and 1000 foot were sent to Tortosa under Colonel Hans Hamilton, and San Matteo was intrusted to Colonel Jones, with a garrison of 500 Miquelèts. Tortosa was, perhaps, the most important of these new positions. It commanded the bridge of boats over the Ebro, the main communication between Arragon and Valencia, and therefore was essential to the allied operations. The place was in itself tolerably defensible.

Difficulties were, however, still thrown in the way of Peterborough's more active movements.

At a council of war held on the 30th of December at Barcelona, he proposed to divide the remainder of the army, half to march into Arragon, and half, under the general in person, to aid the Valencian insurrection. Brigadier-General Conyngham among the British officers, and Schratenbach among the Dutch, were strongly opposed to this bold counsel. They stated that the troops required repose after their arduous and successful labours, and that their numbers were hardly sufficient even to guard the positions they had already won. They succeeded in creating a delay. However, the troops, far from being reinvigorated by rest, suffered much from illness, and the precious opportunity of the enemy's dismay was already almost lost. Peterborough still urged the Valencian expedition, and offered to undertake it with any force that could be placed at his disposal.

While thus hesitating, further news reached the Court of the successes of the Valencian insurrection. In the beginning of December Don Rafael Nebot, colonel of a regiment of

dragoons under Philip of Anjou, passed over to the allies with 400 of his men, and entered Denia, amid the rejoicings of the inhabitants and of Basset the governor. On the 11th, anxious to prove his newborn loyalty, Nebot joined Basset in an expedition against the little neighbouring town of Xabea, which was garrisoned by 500 Biscayans, and carried it by assault on the 12th; they took Oliva and occupied Gandia the same night. On the 13th they pushed on through Alzira, where many notables joined them; and a detachment of their dragoons, under Nebot's brother, surprised and routed three troops of the enemy's horse, captured their convoy of ammunition, and pursued them to the very gates of Valencia.

On the night of the 15th the main body recommenced their march in profound silence, and the next morning appeared before Valencia. They summoned the viceroy, the Marquis de Villa Garcia, to an immediate surrender, which he refused. But Alexander Nebot, flushed with his success of the day before, put himself at the

head of his troops, and bearing the picture of Charles III. in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, galloped up to the gates, shouting "Long live the King!" The gates were soon forced or opened by the inhabitants, and Philip's viceroy was captured.

While the insurgents were thus carrying all before them, the Conde de las Torres, a veteran officer of the Italian wars, marched from Madrid with all haste to prevent, if possible, the junction of the successful forces of Catalonia with the Valencians. He threw himself vigorously upon San Matteo as the main point of communication, and pressed the siege with great skill and courage.

At this juncture there was no available force at Tortosa but 200 dragoons, and three weak British regiments of infantry, numbering only 1000 men. On the 1st of January 1706, Peterborough received a strange despatch from the King, urging him to hasten to the relief of San Matteo at all hazards, and at the same time "full of excuses instead of forces." —"Illustrious Earl of Peterborough, General and Commander of

my troops, * * * Tilly, who has with him 1000 horse and 1000 foot, is surrounded by the country people. * * * Having demanded from the officer who is at Tortosa some regular men to animate those of the country, and being answered that he had no orders, * * * I have resolved * * * to write * * * that you may give speedy direction in it. * * * For it is impossible that any can escape if the troops of the Queen * * * assist * * * the country people." It was true that at the same time orders were sent to the 3000 Spanish troops in the neighbouring garrisons to join Lord Peterborough on the march, and the regiment of Aumada was also nominally placed at his disposal. But with true Spanish perverseness, not a company of these promised reinforcements arrived to assist him in the enterprise. He was moreover embarrassed by the loss of a far more valuable assistance, on which he had calculated, in the brigade of General Conyngham; who, deceived by exaggerated rumours of the enemy's strength, had abandoned the little town of Fraga, where

they were quartered, and had fallen back with unworthy haste upon the stronghold of Lerida.

Peterborough, however, hesitated not a moment. Instead of delegating the orders to an inferior for execution, he himself took horse and rode day and night to Tortosa. He had sent a courier before him (he need have been an active one) to order Brigadier-General Killigrew, who commanded there, to cross the Ebro, and march at once upon San Matteo with every available soldier.

On the 4th the hard-riding general reached Tortosa, and, without waiting for rest, instantly summoned the magnates of the town to give him information. He was astonished, but not appalled, when the Spanish governor informed him of the true state of the case. The enemy under Las Torres, not Tilly as had been stated, were nearly 7000 strong, and the report of the peasantry being up in arms against them was so entirely false, that not one of "those 16,000 who were to let nobody escape" was forthcoming.

There could be but one opinion among Peter-

borough's officers as to the apparent hopelessness of any attempt under these circumstances. He did not tax his patience in endeavouring to persuade. He only said that "unless I can raise that siege, our affairs are desperate, and therefore only capable of desperate remedies. Be content; let me try my fortune, whether I cannot by diligence and surprise effect that which by downright force is impracticable." Such words from the man who had led them against Montjuich were sufficient for British officers; their confidence in their leader was unbounded; they could not approve, but at least they acquiesced in, his design.

On the 6th the three English regiments of infantry marched from Tortosa under Killigrew; on the 7th Peterborough followed with the dragoons and some Spanish militia. On the morning of the 8th he broke up his small army into a number of detachments, and availing himself of efficient guides, he caused them all to assemble with admirable punctuality at the town of Fraiguesa, two leagues from San Matteo. Once

having got his troops within the walls, he mounted guards on each gate, with orders to prevent any one from getting out to communicate his approach to the enemy.

It is certain that at this time the Conde de las Torres had not the least idea of the storm that was about to burst upon him, so admirably had Peterborough arranged to cut off intelligence. The plan he adopted was this; he detached small parties of dragoons, and of the active Miquelets, at a rapid pace to a considerable distance in front, to occupy passes at stated intervals on his route. When arrived at these points they had strict orders to let no one pass to the front till the troops appeared in sight, when the advance again pushed forward, and secured another position for the same purpose.

Peterborough, not satisfied with thus depriving the enemy of all true intelligence, determined to confuse him still more by that which was false. He prevailed upon two peasants by large bribes to carry each copies of the same letter to Colonel Jones in San Matteo. He however adopted

double security for their loyalty, first by arresting their families as hostages, and secondly by letting them know nothing that any amount of treachery could render injurious to him. By a most ingenious contrivance he arranged that one of them should be arrested by the enemy and carried to Las Torres. Under the threat of immediate death this peasant betrayed the route by which his companion was endeavouring to reach the city, and the second messenger also was accordingly captured. The letters having been thus got possession of, no doubt whatever was left upon the minds of the Spaniards that they were written in good faith to Colonel Jones for his instruction. It is unnecessary to say that there was not a word of truth in the communication from beginning to end, and that it was only meant to mislead those into whose hands it was soon to fall. The style is so admirably characteristic of the writer that no apology is needed for introducing it at full length.

To Colonel Jones.

"You will hardly believe yourself what this letter informs you of, if it comes safe to you; and though I

have taken the best precautions, it will do little prejudice if it falls into the enemy's hands; since they shall see and feel my troops almost as soon as they can receive intelligence, should it be betrayed to them. The end for which I venture it to you is, that you may prepare to open the furthest gate towards Valencia, and have your 1000 Miquelets ready, who will have the employment they love, and are fit for, the pursuing and pillaging a flying enemy. The country is, as one can wish, for their entire destruction. Be sure, upon the first appearance of our troops, and the first discharge of our artillery, you answer with an English halloo, and take to the mountains on the right, with all your men. It is no matter what becomes of the town, leave it to your mistresses. The Conde de las Torres must take the plains; the hills on the left being almost impassable, and secured by 5000 or 6000 of the country-people. But what will most gall him, the old regiment of Nebot, which revolted to us near Valencia, is likewise among them.

"I was eight days ago myself in Barcelona, and I believe the Conde de las Torres must have so good intelligence from thence, that he cannot be ignorant of it. What belongs to my own troops and my own resolutions, I can easily keep from him, though nothing else. You know the force I have, and the

multitudes that are gathering from all parts against us, so that I am forced to put the whole upon this action, which must be decisive to give any hopes to our desperate game. By nine or ten, within an hour after you can receive this, assure yourself you will discover us on the tops of the hills, not two cannon-shot from their camp.

"The advantages of the sea are inconceivable, and have contributed to bring about what you could never expect to see, a force almost equal to the enemy in number, and you know less would do our business. Besides, never men were so transported as to be brought with such secrecy so near an enemy. I have near 6000 men locked up this night within the walls of Traguera. I do not expect you should believe it till you see them.

"You know we had 1000 foot and 200 dragoons in Tortosa; Wills and 1000 foot, English and Dutch, came down the Ebro in boats, and I embarked 1000 more at Taragona, when I landed at Viñaroz, and the artillery from thence I brought in country carts. It was easy to assemble the horse; Zinzendorf and Moras are as good as our own, and, with our English dragoons, make in all near 2000. But the whole depends upon leaving them no retreat without interruption.

"Dear Jones, prove a good dragoon, be diligent

and alert; and preach this welcome doctrine to your Miquelets, *Plunder without danger.*

"Your friend,

"PETERBOROUGH."

It never was known what became of the two unfortunate peasants, but it is certain that the letter was received by the person for whom it was intended, that is, Las Torres. As soon as the mendacious document was translated, orders were given to prepare for a march, and, almost at the same time, two events occurred in the works of the attack, that caused a good deal of confusion. In the haste of the besiegers to carry the place, several mines had been hurriedly and unskilfully sunk and charged; one of these prematurely exploded, and destroyed forty of the workmen. Colonel Jones contrived to swamp the remaining mines, by turning the course of a brook upon them, which rendered them harmless to both friends and foes.

While these disasters on the one hand, and the alarming rumour of the contents of the intercepted letter on the other, were spreading panic

through the camp, the first light of morning revealed the advance guards of Peterborough's force, as the letter had promised. By able management, the handful of Englishmen were made to appear vastly more numerous than they really were. They availed themselves of the wooded and uneven ground to conceal their weakness; the tops of all the neighbouring hills, and the several avenues of approach, were made to appear covered by advancing columns.

Las Torres, unsuspicious of stratagem, became now certain that his position was one of extreme danger. The confusion in his camp had, meanwhile, greatly increased. The tents were hastily struck, the guns spiked, the stores and works were abandoned, and before Peterborough's theatrical arrangements could have even completed their full effect, the Spanish army pressed along the Valencia road in a retreat that might well be called a flight. To complete the absurdity of this affair, Colonel Jones sallied forth from the town with his whole force in pursuit, followed Las Torres for nearly two leagues to Peñasol, in-

flicting a loss of nearly 300 men, while Peterborough, on the other side, quietly took possession of the entrenchments and the town, which the contending parties had abandoned.

But there was no rest for those who obeyed Lord Peterborough. Scarcely halting in the town, he made a show of pursuit as far as Albocazer, keeping to the hills with such caution, however, that, in case the enemy should become informed of his weakness, his retreat would be still secure. While actually on the march he received a despatch from King Charles, stating, that all the reinforcements which had been promised to aid in the relief of San Matteo had been countermanded, in consequence of the unfavourable state of affairs elsewhere. The same courier brought Peterborough a letter from the English resident with the Court at Barcelona, the spirit of which is summed up in its concluding lines, "there is nothing here but distrust, discontent, and despair."

The retreat of Lord Galway and Fagel having left the Duke of Berwick, with the main army

of France, at liberty, this splendid force, animated by their recent triumph, was on full march for Catalonia. The Prince of Serclaes watched the small allied garrison of Lerida with 4000 men; the Duke of Noailles, with 8000 French troops from Roussillon, threatened Catalonia on a third side; while the Duke of Anjou and Marshal Tessé had collected 10,000 men at Madrid.

The King's despatch, however, conveyed to Peterborough that which he valued more than reinforcements,—a plenary discretion of action. Many extravagant compliments accompanied this privilege, which were also esteemed by him at their real value. Most men would have shrunk from each alternative that this responsibility left; on the one hand, if he did not return to the defence of Catalonia, the King's person might be exposed to imminent danger, and, on the other, if he repassed the Ebro, he might be accused of having left Valencia and its loyal inhabitants to their fate, together with forfeiting all the advantages that his audacity and skill had already gained.

His difficulties in all cases were very great. His infantry were marching almost barefooted, and clothed in rags, during that inclement season, over stony mountains, and his dragoon horses were so exhausted that they could hardly carry their riders. Under these circumstances, in obedience to his general instructions, he summoned a council of war.

The council proved as useless as such councils usually prove. They recorded with extreme care the difficulties and dangers of every plan which could be suggested; they displayed a keen perception of the force of the enemy, and of their own weakness; and at last announced their unanimous opinion, that no further operations should be undertaken for the conquest of Valencia, but that the little army should post itself in such a position as might give the greatest facility of protecting the King.

Peterborough being thus advised to turn all his efforts towards Catalonia, and at the same time being urged by the King to strike a blow for Valencia, while all the promised aid for the

purpose was withdrawn, his position was inexpressibly difficult. Against the overwhelming forces of the enemy, against the council of war, against the orders of the King, few sane men would have dared the apparently Quixotic enterprise which he was forming all this time in his own brain, independently of kings and councils.

He ordered the foot-sore infantry, with a few of the horse, to march back to Viñaroz, a little town on the sea-side, a day's journey from Tortosa, where, in case of necessity, they could embark in boats, and avail themselves of the Ebro in security. Then, to the astonishment of all, he announced his intention of proceeding with the remaining dragoons, about 150 in number, to conquer the kingdom of Valencia. The parting with his officers was very sad, for they doubted not that it was a final farewell: remonstrances with him were vain; he answered, "I will yet endeavour, however our circumstances seem desperate, to secure the kingdom of Valencia; and since the King has thought conquest possible in this present case, he cannot

complain of my motions, however rash they may appear. I am resolved, therefore, never to repass the Ebro, without positive orders from the King." Before his departure he wrote to Charles, to explain himself fully upon this subject.

From the tone of the letter it would appear that Peterborough did not contemplate surviving this extraordinary expedition. It is graver, firmer, and, although respectful, full of stronger remonstrances and more homely advice than often reaches kings.

"I have had little share in your councils. If our advice had been approved; if your Majesty had trusted us; * * * if your Majesty had permitted me to have marched into the kingdom of Valencia, when I so earnestly desired it, without making me stay under pretence of the march of imaginary troops; if your Majesty would have believed me upon that occasion, your Majesty, probably, would have had at this time not only a viceroy of Valencia, but the kingdom.

"With what I have, I march straight to Valencia. I can take no other measures, leaving the rest to Providence. * * * If the time lost (so much against my inclination) exposes me to a sacrifice, at least I

will perish with honour, and as a man deserving a better fate.

"PETERBOROUGH.

"Alcala, 27th January, 1706."

Lord Peterborough now again sent orders to 1000 Spanish foot and 300 horse, which had before been nominally placed at his disposal, to follow him into Valencia, and at the same time he gave commands to Colonel Wills, to march immediately with a like number of English horse and foot to his assistance, in the not improbable case of the Spaniards again failing him. This resolution had the desired effect, and at length orders from the King, that were not to be evaded, were sent to the Spaniards to follow the English general.

Colonel Wills wrote in answer the account of an important action which had taken place at San Esteban de Litera, on the 26th and the 27th of January, between General Conyngham, with a brigade of the allies, and the Chevalier d'Asfeldt, in which, after a bloody contest, the French were driven from the field with a heavy

loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners: on the side of the allies there was also considerable loss, and General Conyngham received a mortal wound. The command had then devolved upon Colonel Wills.

CHAP. XI.

AND now Peterborough commenced perhaps the most extraordinary campaign that has ever occurred between enemies of equal civilisation. It was a war of a general with a small escort, but literally without an army, against able officers, thousands of disciplined troops, numerous defensible towns and positions; against incredible difficulties of country; against want in every shape, and, above all, against hope itself.

The biographer almost hesitates to request an audience for such a tale, but in contemporary writers, of all parties and all languages, is found full agreement in the main upon these astonishing facts. One hardly knows which most to admire, the preternatural vigour of Peterborough's mind or body, his wonderful audacity, or his wonderful endurance. Stubborn in his purpose, but fanciful and capricious beyond all parallel in the means

for its accomplishment, the gravest ends were gained by the most ludicrous means. He inspired the handful of men who shared his fortunes with an implicit confidence, while he left them in total ignorance of his designs; if indeed he had designs, for his actions often appeared to have been suggested by the events of the moment, and the means for their execution were often evidently determined by a fantastic impulse.

It may easily be conceived that a party headed by such a leader had little repose. No sooner had the infantry marched for Viñaroz, than Peterborough started with his 150 dragoons in full pursuit of Las Torres' army of nearly 7000 men. He pushed on night and day, alarming the retreating Spaniards now here, now there, multiplying his apparent numbers by every kind of fanciful artifice, cutting off all stragglers and handing them over to the friendly peasantry, worrying Las Torres by cunningly contrived and mendacious intelligence. He was then in his glory; he enjoyed with keen relish the excitement of this unparalleled adventure, while his

sense of wit and ridicule was gratified beyond measure in the suggestion and success of every ludicrous expedient. His zeal was increased, if indeed that were possible, by the information that a hostile force of 3500 horse and foot had gained possession of Murviedro, and threatened the loyal city of Valencia.

Peterborough first pounced upon and destroyed a detachment of the enemy at Alcala. This hastened Las Torres' retreat; he pushed through the town of Borriol, leaving Castillon de la Plana to his left, and hastened on to Villa Real, which was strongly favourable to the Austrian cause. There he made a horrible massacre, in spite of a solemn promise of protection. The greatest excesses were committed by his troops, and few of the inhabitants escaped his assassin sword.

Again alarmed he hurried on from the scene of his atrocity to Nules, where the inhabitants were well affected, and to the number of nearly a thousand took arms to defend the town against Peterborough and his astonishing dragoons. Las Torres, however, continued his flight. Nules was

fortified by strong walls flanked with towers, and was in the best possible state of repair. These obstacles, that would have been formidable to a considerable force, but lightly taxed the eccentric general's ingenuity. Had those stout walls and strong gates been deserted, the dragoons would have perhaps found it impossible to get in, but, as the sarcastic Frenchman said at Malta, it was fortunate there was an enemy within to open the gates.

When Peterborough came to the scene of the massacre of Villa Real, an idea at once struck him that he might turn it to good account, by exciting the fears of the people of Nules as to a similar fate. He galloped up to the gates of the town at the head of his dragoons, hardly noticing a fire of musquetry which was poured upon him from the walls, happily however without effect, and in an imperious tone demanded a parley. This incredible boldness so much surprised the armed citizens, that they ceased their fire, and sent for their priests and magistrates according to his orders. They soon came, and

opened converse with him over the wall. He left them but six minutes for deliberation, threatening them with utter destruction in retaliation for Las Torres' massacre at Villa Real if they offered the slightest resistance, and vowed that the moment his artillery and engineers arrived he would blow down their walls. The terror-stricken priests bore back this melancholy message to the town council; the gates were immediately opened, and the man of terrible threats marched in with his weary dragoons.

While the travel-stained conquerors were enjoying an unwonted repose at Nules, Peterborough spread wide the alarm by ordering in provisions and forage from all directions, to prepare for the large army which he stated was following close at his heels. This was unhesitatingly believed, as it passed all credulity that he could have ventured into that hostile district without such a support: his requisitions were, therefore, complied with. So completely successful was this deception, that Las Torres did not consider himself safe at Almenara, but con-

tinued his disgraceful retreat, followed by the curses of the few surviving inhabitants.

At Nules Peterborough found 200 horses, a most reasonable supply. Of course he immediately appropriated them, and, for a time leaving the flying enemy to their fears, he turned aside to Castillon de la Plana, a town of consideration, but open, undefended, and well-affected to the Austrian cause. There he secured 400 additional horses; at the same time assuring both friends and foes that his army was driving the enemy out of the kingdom, which indeed was perfectly true. "The despatch, the persuasion, the arts used upon this occasion," says a quaintly grave chronicler, "are not to be conceived; the whole had at that very time a romantic air, though every particular was before adjusted and prepared by his lordship."

The manner in which he applied these horses to use was highly characteristic of this eminent actor. He ordered Lord Barrymore's regiment of British infantry, then commanded by Colonel Pierce, to march from Viñaroz, where they had

been sent with the remaining foot from San Matteo to Oropesa. This town was about nine miles from Castillon, which Peterborough had made the depôt of his riderless horses, and stood upon a hill with a large plain below, and was exactly suited to his whimsical purpose. On this plain he reviewed the soldiers, and complimented them highly upon their past achievements: he concluded his address by expressing his wish that they had but horses and accoutrements, to try whether a corps of so high a character would maintain their reputation in the novelty of mounted service. The foot-sore and almost shoeless soldiers, still aching from their weary march over the mountains, of course imagined that their eccentric general only jested with their necessities, and were amused or angered according to their individual dispositions, when, to their extreme surprise, Lord Peterborough's secretary came gravely forward, and presented the officers with commissions for cavalry service. They then at last believed him in earnest, and their agreeable surprise was complete when he

marched them to the brow of the hill, and they saw eight bodies of horses drawn up in order, ready for their eight companies. Among these were set apart three good chargers for each captain, two for lieutenants, and one for cornets. To the brevet field officers he allowed choice of troops; the captains drew lots for the remainder. As soon as these arrangements were completed, he ordered the regiment to mount, and, all parties having been highly gratified and amused, the uncouth dragoons were marched into the town.

But these ludicrous oddities never interfered with Peterborough's unceasing care and foresight. While he had been marching, deceiving, and conquering, without rest either by day or night, he had, at the same time, with prudent forethought, been collecting the necessary accoutrements for these men, and for the dismounted British and Spanish dragoons. He had caused them to be shipped in vessels from Barcelona to the nearest port on the sea-coast, and, by constantly urging the carriers of the country, had collected

them all at his depôt during the nine days of his pursuit of Las Torres.

The little band of horse which had followed his course of eccentric conquest, was now increased to nearly 1000 men. He soon dispersed them in the well-affected towns of the neighbourhood, the walls of which would render them safe from the attack of an enemy unsupported by artillery. He kept them, however, constantly moving from place to place, partly to accustom them to their new duties, and partly to confuse the enemy as to their numbers. He then wrote to Valencia promising to hasten to their relief, and left orders to his secretary to continue a correspondence with that city, so as to delude both friends and foes into the belief of his being still at Castillon. He, however, took post secretly, and hurried away back again to Tortosa, to look after reinforcements.

Peterborough still mistrusted the King's arrangements as to the Spanish troops that were to be placed at his disposal for the Valencian campaign. In case of their failing, he resolved to post himself to Colonel Wills and carry off

that officer with his brigade. He had not, however, proceeded further than Viñaroz when he found that the Spanish troops had already made a day's march into Valencia, and that some of the militia of that province and of Catalonia also were in motion to join him.

Peterborough now concentrated his little force at Castillon. It consisted of ten squadrons of horse, including his newly mounted infantry, one English and three Spanish battalions of regulars, not quite 3000 men, and a motley force of about an equal number of armed peasants, whom he thought better to keep at a little distance, at Almenara, which town the enemy had now abandoned.

On the other hand, the Court of Madrid had placed nearly 10,000 men under the orders of the Duke de los Arcos for the conquest of Valencia, the Conde de las Torres having been superseded in the chief command after his failures at San Matteo. Part of this force were the 3500 men who have already been mentioned as in possession of Murviedro. The Duke, with

the remainder of his army, marched upon Valencia and opened siege. The magistrates of that city, expecting little mercy should they be overcome, made vigorous preparations for defence, and despatched repeated appeals to Lord Peterborough for aid in their extremity. He willingly responded. On the 1st of February he marched from Castillon with a thorough determination, in which all his troops shared, that the loyal and beautiful city should be relieved.

The wonderful successes of the past month had inspired the troops with a confidence which more than made amends for their inferiority of numbers. Had not their chivalrous leader with two weak squadrons of dragoons pursued thousands of horse and foot? Had not the terror of his name swept open the massive gates of fortified towns, and, as if by an enchanter's power, produced horses, forage, provisions, in abundance, where a powerful enemy had been in want of every thing? and yet these deeds were scarcely credible even to his own soldiers: when he had ridden off with his escort from the British battalions, who were sent to

Viñaroz, they had heard no more of him till, covered with dust, and stained with travel, he rode in among them, again to order them into motion for new achievements, and then only did they learn from the lips of his wonder-stricken attendants how startling had been the events of the interval.

The first object of attack was Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum. Brigadier Mahoni, or rather Mahony, the name being Irish, held the post: his regular force, cavalry principally, was about 500 in number, a formidable force at such a spot, for a wide plain extended for two leagues below the town. The place was walled; it was tolerably strong in itself, with a large population, and a battalion of 800 trained infantry among its defenders. Between the town and the plain was a river, on the banks of which works were thrown up, mounted with artillery. Here the Valencian road wound through a pass; above, on the crest of a lofty overhanging hill, were the ruins of historic memory.

Peterborough had no artillery but a few in-

sufficient Spanish field guns. The enemy's position both by nature and art was formidable; his force was altogether inadequate to carry it. His officers did not hesitate to express their opinion of the imprudence of an attack; he, however, did not enter into any particulars of his plans, but simply directed them to await events. His view was, as usual, if possible, to deceive both friends and foes; and having selected a few discreet officers and dragoons, and some peasants whose fidelity was secured by hostage, he continued to disperse them about the country, and spread false intelligence in such a manner as completely to confuse every body.

Among many, some most singular instances of his mendacious ingenuity were exercised upon the division of Las Torres before it reached the main body under the Duke de los Arcos. A spy in Peterborough's pay informed the Spanish chief that the British were close upon him; he decamped at once in consequence, and marched all night. In the morning his tormentor again stated that the Maldito Ingles was pushing on

over the mountains to his left, to occupy an important pass, and cut off his retreat to the Valencian plains. The credulity of Las Torres was not strong enough for this. The spy, indignant at his truth being doubted, pledged himself, on the hazard of his life, to give proof of his assertion to any officers who might be sent to ascertain it. Two officers, out of uniform, were accordingly sent with him in the direction indicated; but when they stopped for refreshment at a village on the way, they were seized by a picquet of English dragoons which had been placed there to complete the plot. After a time the spy pretended to the Spaniards that he had made the guard drunk, and that they might escape; at the same time showing them two of the dragoons, who appeared as if they had played this part to perfection, lying on the stable floor. The officers stealthily led three of the horses, ready saddled and accoutred, out of the stable, and succeeded in making their escape. This incident of course established the credit of the spy, while at the time in question the British army was

really many miles away under the ruins of Saguntum. Again, dragoons were induced to feign desertion by Peterborough; others permitted themselves to be taken prisoners, each trying to exceed the other in the extravagance of his false information, until Las Torres, Mahony, and the Duke de los Arcos himself were utterly bewildered in the labyrinth of lies.

However doubtful even the military morality of these contrivances may be, the means that Peterborough took for the acquisition of Murviedro were altogether inexcusable, and indeed would have been incomprehensible of any other man (usually of honour) but himself. There was, however, a sort of malignant fun in the trick that suggested itself, the temptation of which he could not resist, and accordingly he determined to overreach his opponent by the following stratagem. He sent to demand an interview with Mahony, who chanced to be a relation of Lady Peterborough, and named a small hill near the town for the purpose; at the same time he prepared his scanty force so as to make the greatest possible

show. Some were posted as near the town as they might venture to advance along the pass, others were kept marching on the forward slopes of the hills, their numbers expanded, in appearance, by intermingled masses of the armed peasantry. The few field pieces were also arranged in a prominent position, and in short every thing was set "in a sort of perspective to the place of the interview."

The scene being thus prepared, Lord Peterborough sent an officer with a trumpeter to Mahony to let him know that the blame must rest on him if the town were to be exposed to unnecessary destruction, it being the interest of both sides to prevent such a calamity, as both parties might possibly find the shelter of its walls convenient at some future time; also, that an interview would be of great mutual advantage, and that especially he should wish to have this conference with his distinguished compatriot and connection Mahony. He added that he was ready to arrange the conference for any particular place near the town that might be named, and

that he himself would come escorted by only ten horsemen.

Mahony sent back an officer to say that he would immediately come to the Earl of Peterborough, upon parole, for security; being desirous to show him every respect, and to concert measures with him, to prevent any disorders beyond those that were rendered inevitable. He soon followed himself, with several other principal Spanish officers, to the place that Peterborough had arranged.

They met with many mutual compliments: Peterborough urged every persuasion to induce Mahony to enter the service of King Charles, making him the most extravagant promises of advancement in case of compliance. Mahony was inflexible. The wily Englishman then changed his tone, and assuming an air of kinsmanlike frankness said, "The Spaniards have used such severities and cruelties at Villa Real as will oblige me to retaliate. I am willing to spare a town that is under your protection; I know you cannot pretend to defend it with the horse

you have, which will be so much more useful in another place, if joined with the Duke de los Arcos, to obstruct my passing the plains of Valencia. I am confident you will soon quit Murviedro, which I can as little, for myself, prevent, as you can hinder me from taking the town. The inhabitants, then, must be exposed to the utmost miseries, and I can nowise preserve it but by being tied by a capitulation, which I am willing to give you, if I had the pretence of the immediate surrender of the place this very night. Some cases are so apparent, that I need not dissemble: I know you will immediately send to the Duke de los Arcos, to march to the Carthusian convent, and meet him there, with the body of horse under your command." He further offered, in the same apparent spirit of frankness, to show Mahony all his troops and artillery, as well as the large resources he had upon the sea (which was only six miles off).

Mahony, emulating the apparent openness of his kinsman, acknowledged that his view was to fall back with his cavalry upon Los Arcos, and

laughingly said, "You are aware of my plan, but you cannot prevent it." The interview ended by his agreeing to go back to the town for half an hour, and then to declare his intentions. In the appointed time he honestly sent his capitulation by a Spanish officer. Peterborough received the surrender with concealed joy, and determined to make the utmost possible mischief out of his opportunity. He gave the Spanish officer a garbled account of his interview with Mahony, endeavoured to bribe him also, by promises, to the Austrian cause, and more than insinuated that he had succeeded with Mahony. The temptation to desert failed with the Spaniard, as he had expected; but he had inspired a jealousy of Mahony to the full extent that he desired.

In fact Mahony had conducted the negotiation in a manner worthy of a loyal and skilful officer. He stipulated not to leave the town till one o'clock in the morning, and that the Earl of Peterborough was not to pass the river till that hour. This was arranged with the view of allowing the Duke de los Arcos time to reach the

plains, where he was to be joined by the horse from Murviedro. But Peterborough's machinations had been only too effectual; the Spanish officer, on his return, persuaded his countrymen that Mahony had betrayed them; the troops and populace became much enraged against the unfortunate Irishman, and even threatened his life.

Nothing, probably, could have perverted Peterborough to a direct breach of faith, nor would he on any account have passed the river till the time appointed, when the enemy, by their agreement, should withdraw their dragoons, which defended the entrenchments of the other side. But he, having heard the neighing of horses during the night, took it for granted that some of the troops had evacuated the town, and anticipated that, if the noise of firing were heard, it might create suspicion and confusion among the enemy, lead them to suppose that they were attacked, and confirm the probably existing suspicion of Mahony's treason. He, therefore, ordered a body of men up the river to fire straggling shots, as if small parties of each army were engaged.

Mahony, hearing these sounds, sent word to Lord Peterborough, that whatever mistake or collision might have occurred, he himself depended implicitly upon the honour of an English general, and could never believe that any foul play could take place. Peterborough sent back his compliments, by the officer who had borne the message, with expressions of gratification at the good understanding which prevailed between them. He at the same time proposed that Mahony, for the security of the inhabitants of Murviedro, and to prevent molestation in retiring from the town, should permit a regiment of English dragoons to cross the river, and form a guard at the gates, offering, at the same time, to deliver up a number of the officers as hostages to the Spaniards, in security, for the loyal fulfilment of the terms. In an evil hour for himself, Mahony consented.

When Peterborough's dragoons were permitted to clear the difficult pass and approach scathelessly to the very gates of the town, the suspicions of the Spanish officers as to their unfortunate leader's treachery, became certainty. Each one hurried

his own particular detachment out of Murviedro as fast as he could; they made their way in separate divisions to the camp of Los Arcos, where they spread a vague but general panic. They openly accused their brigadier of treachery to the Spanish general, and found ready credence from the national jealousy against the foreigner.

In the meantime Peterborough had woven the last mesh of this diabolical network of deceit. He made choice of two intelligent Irish dragoons of Zinzendorf's guards, and persuaded them, by bribes and promises of promotion, to undertake the dangerous part of false deserters. When thoroughly instructed in their mendacious rôle, they were sent forth from a remote part of the camp, and straightway they delivered themselves up to the Spanish outposts. These spies were soon carried before Los Arcos, who questioned them closely for information. They gained anxious attention by an invented account of the interview between Peterborough and Mahony. Their statement was, that they had been drinking a glass of wine under the rocks of the hill, close

to where the conference was held, and that they saw the Earl deliver 5000 pistoles to Mahony, promising him also to make him a major-general upon the English establishment, and to give him the command of 10,000 Irish Catholics, which were being raised for the service of King Charles. They added that they were content to receive no reward, and to submit to condign punishment, if Mahony did not himself speedily give proof of his treachery, by requesting the Duke to march his army that night over the plain towards Murviedro, to the Carthusian convent; and that every thing was arranged by the traitor for their destruction, in case of his compliance, by an ambush of the British troops.

While the spies were almost yet speaking, an aide-de-camp galloped in from Mahony with the very proposition which they had described. No doubt now appeared to remain of the treason. Instead of complying with Mahony's request, which was obviously the wisest course, and the course which Peterborough had been at all these pains to prevent, Los Arcos broke up his camp

without delay, and fell back in a totally opposite direction. Mahony, with his cavalry, having delivered over the town, marched to the Carthusian convent, and there vainly awaited their comrades: after a time finding themselves unsupported, and pressed by the English horse, they followed the route of the main army. The brigadier, on coming up with the main body, was instantly arrested by his chief, and sent a prisoner to Madrid. There, however, he managed to clear his reputation, was promoted to the rank of major-general, and was sent back with Las Torres, who had now been ordered to supersede Los Arcos.

The next day after his ill-gotten success, Peterborough entered the city of Valencia in triumph. The people received him with extravagant demonstrations of joy, as their deliverer from dire extremity. The citizens turned out armed, to receive him with due honour, and even large numbers of priests and friars were regimented for the occasion. This latter body he treated with profound attention and respect, it

being his politic custom "to return the highest civilities to, and improve his interest with, the Church." Never was any mortal more caressed than was this successful chief by the Valencian people: they even offered to supply a large sum of money for the equipment of his army, and to raise additional troops. A yet more acceptable homage was offered to his victorious name, in the smiles of the dark-eyed beauties of that sunny province. He appears to have accepted every thing proffered to him, both for the assistance of his troops, and for the gratification of his own self-love; while at the same time he secretly despised all his adulators alike, whether solemn priests, or pompous dons, or complaisant señoras. In a very amusing letter to Lord Halifax, he gives a sketch of his position; he gives rein to his pungent satire, and exercises his malignant sense of the ridiculous upon his good friends at Valencia, in terms more to be admired for vivacity than for delicacy.

The King was now so sensible of the extraordinary abilities and great services of the English

chief, that he appointed him captain-general of his forces, by which commission all other foreign and Spanish officers were placed under his command; he added, also, the power of appointing and removing all governors, or other public servants, as he might see fit for the good of the cause. About the same time a dispatch reached Peterborough from Queen Anne, with the appointment of Plenipotentiary from the Court of London to the Catholic King.

As will presently appear, the Earl did not relax for a moment in the activity of his measures against the enemy. It is true that he gave himself up without restraint to the enjoyments of the beautiful city: of which the Spanish proverb says, "the pleasures of Valencia would make a Jew forget Jerusalem." The town stands in a luxuriant plain, covered with vines and olives, and rich in "all the fragrancies of nature." The neighbourhood was adorned by ruins of the wonderful architecture of that romantic people whose retiring flood of invasion had enriched the land with countless relics of grace and glory.

Within a mile and a half of the walls lay the waters of the Mediterranean; in the distant background the snowy peaks of the Sierras contrasted with the almost tropical luxuriance of the plains. The southern sun, while it swarthed the cheeks, lent a kindred fire to the temper of the people, and quickened into fierce activity their fervid Moorish pulse. The romantic adventures in which, from the general downwards, the English were constantly engaged, led at times to deadly quarrels, and many a fair-haired Saxon fell under the assassin's knife. The Valencians have at all times been infamous for their revengeful and murderous dispositions, from which the gallant services of the foreigners afforded no protection.

Even in Catholic Spain Valencia stood prominent in its devotion to the Romish Church. Here was the birthplace of San Vicente, here the spot where San Domingo received the education that qualified him to be the founder of his stern order. Countless superstitions of these saints were treasured as holy truths by the Valencian people. There was the very centre of

the awful mysteries of the Inquisition. There, in magnificent monasteries, with beautiful courts and gardens, crowds of monks and priests lived in unsaintly luxury. There the religious processions and ceremonies surpassed all elsewhere in splendour. Nowhere were the forms of devotion more rigidly and generally observed, and nowhere was profligacy more universal, or blood more lightly shed.

In these contrasts Peterborough secretly gloried: in the rank developments of superstition he claimed an argument for his own dark negation of all creeds. Through the villany of hypocritical devotees he saw almost a merit in his own audacious scoffings. Although in public he treated church and people with politic respect, among his friends he never mentioned one or the other but with contempt.

While he joined in the general rejoicing, he was fully alive to the dangers of his situation. He had little to rely upon but the prestige of his late successes. His force in the town was hardly more than 3000 men; artillery, ammunition, pro-

visions, stores of all kinds, were deficient, and there were none within reach. When his need was greatest, the joyful intelligence was brought to him that sixteen brass 24 pounder-guns with a quantity of ammunition and stores had just been shipped on board a Genoese vessel, to arm the force of Las Torres for the siege of Valencia. This was an opportunity after his own heart; to turn the guns meant for his destruction into his defence was his instant determination. The design was, however, most difficult of execution; it might perhaps have appeared impossible to any one else.

From the hills near the town Las Torres threatened Peterborough with nearly 7000 men. 4000 Castilians were hastening to their support by the way of Fuente de la Higuera; while at Madrid, within an easy distance, lay the overwhelming forces of the main army under Marshal Tessé. At first the Court of Philip designed to throw the Marshal with his whole weight upon Valencia, and crush at once the feeble British force, but in an evil hour for them they after-

wards directed him instead upon the disastrous expedition against Barcelona.

Peterborough's first step was to send a detachment with all secresy and dispatch to intercept the convoy of guns and stores which had just now been landed. This required no little address in the face of an enemy vastly superior in all arms, but especially in cavalry. His skill and good fortune did not forsake him, and in a short time his detachment returned bringing with them every gun, and all the supplies which were intended for Las Torres.

The next achievement was even more dangerous and difficult. Well aware that he could not hope to resist the combined strength of the Castilians and Las Torres, should they succeed in forming a junction, he resolved to attempt a surprise against the former while on the march. Now the army of Las Torres lay between Peterborough and his victims, occupying the main road; and the advancing reinforcements marched in full confidence of security. They had not yet learned to estimate the prowess of their enemy.

He detached 800 foot and 400 horse suddenly by night, with orders to pass the river Xucar in silence, and if possible unobserved, at a ford which was but a little distance below the camp of Las Torres. Thence they were to hasten on with all speed, and to fall upon the Castilians, whom they would probably find quite unprepared. All occurred as Peterborough designed. The British passed the ford in safety, surprised the advancing forces at Fuente de la Higuera, and utterly routed them. They then returned with the same caution and success with which they had advanced, and, although encumbered with 600 prisoners, reached the town without having been observed by the enemy. The Valencians could hardly have been persuaded of the accomplishment of this action, had not the captive Castilians been unmistakeable witnesses of it.

Las Torres despaired of success against Valencia, or rather against Peterborough, after these two grievous misadventures: he next turned his thoughts towards the small towns of Sueca and Alcira on the river Xucar: below them, and

commanded by their guns, was the important bridge of Cullera, distant about fifteen miles from the Spanish camp. By this pass, far the largest portion of the supplies for the besieged was brought in from the country; Las Torres, therefore, desired to seize the point.

Early intelligence of every thing that passed in the enemy's camp was always brought to Peterborough by his army of spies, and by his "maintaining such a good correspondence with the priests and with the ladies." These movements upon Cullera were known to him as soon as they had been determined by Las Torres. In this case it required all his activity to anticipate the usually dilatory Spaniards. 500 English, 600 Spanish foot, and 400 horse were ordered off forthwith to Sueca and Alcira, and with all his promptitude he only succeeded in occupying the latter town half an hour before the troops of Las Torres reached the gates. Being thus anticipated, they returned to the camp without delay.

Peterborough was not contented with baffling the enemy in their design against him, but re-

solved to attack in his turn. He discovered that their army was divided for the convenience of quarters, one portion being cantoned in a village only about two miles from Alcira, the other in the camp near Valencia. He laid a plan with his usual skill and secresy, to surprise the further of these divisions, and for that purpose marched himself in the night with an English force of about 1000 men. He directed his course upon the village by a somewhat circuitous route: nevertheless he contrived to get there at break of day, exactly at the time he had arranged. Meanwhile the Spanish garrison of Alcira, also about 1000 strong, had orders to sally out and attack the village at a concerted signal from the opposite side. Every thing so far succeeded as he wished. The Spaniards also arrived punctually, but just as they were preparing to burst upon the unconscious enemy, they chanced to fall upon a picquet of twenty horse; an unaccountable panic seized them; they broke their ranks, and fled in such utter confusion, that many of the terror-stricken soldiers killed each other. To complete

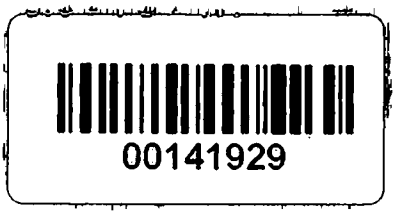
the failure, the picquet had alarmed the enemy, who were soon arrayed in quadruple force against Peterborough's wearied and unsupported detachment. An attack would have been madness under such circumstances: he reluctantly ordered a retreat, which he conducted in perfect order and without the loss of a man. Thus happened his first and only failure.

For some time after this expedition he remained stationary at Valencia, and with it the campaign may be said to have ended,—a campaign which, in the strange stratagems that were used, and in the success that attended them, has perhaps no parallel in history. Peterborough sought no favours from fortune, for he never depended upon her. Even in his apparently wildest schemes he had calculated upon almost every possible contingency, and prepared against it. He never relied upon his Spanish allies but once, at Alcira, and that was the only time he met a check. He never entrusted to others that which he could do himself; and it is said of him that he scarce ever sent a party of thirty horse upon any action

without going in person with them. His extraordinary physical powers stood him and his country in good stead, for, as to personal exertions and fatigues, it may be questioned whether any other general of any age or nation was ever capable of such as his. It is but justice, too, to award high praise to the gallant troops who proved themselves worthy of such a leader. They seem to have been inspired with his own impetuous valour. They bore uncomplainingly the greatest hardships, and, whenever their leader did not win their battles bloodlessly by his generalship, they fought with exemplary courage.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.


00141929

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 27 February, 2016